

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

FROM GEMS OF MOORE.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom, and days may come
Of wilder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream.

THE RUSSIAN EASTER.

"Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart:
The effect doth operate another way."

CHRIST is risen—lo! the hum of Easter
Rises from the White Sea to the Dniester;
Russia's millions, severally meeting,
Give and take a single solemn greeting;
Waking from the hush of Lent outworn,
Through the land the festal cry is borne,
Over icebound rivers ringing clearly,
Through the tangled forests singing cheerly,
Flung across the plain through sun and shadow,
Murmured in the street and in the meadow,
Sounding through the palace and the prison,
Christ is risen—echoing—Christ is risen.

See! the bearded faces kiss each other;
Every Russian Christian loves his brother;
Noble Dives through his princedom rolls,
Counts his sheep, his oxen, and his souls—
Servile Lazarus in awe is shivering,
All his knouted muscles dully quivering;
Serf or noble, each to-day may claim
Friendly kiss in that All-friendly name.
Nicholas himself comes forth repeating
Unto all that simple, solemn greeting;
E'en the Czar to-day, for love of Christ,
Kisses all, or may by all be kiss'd.

Mighty Lord of Cossack and of Tartar,
Great high priest that art, and would-be martyr,
Marshalling thy zealot bands arrayed
'Neath banners of a false crusade,
Listen to a text of Paschal lore
Writ by him whose name thy father bore:
Christ the passover for us is given:
Keep the feast with no unholy leaven:
Pure from wickedness, of malice clear,
Feed on truth unleavened and sincere.
Mark the text, and meditate the tone:
Learn—or leave the sacred words alone.

While the war-clouds gather into form,
Who can see the issue of the storm?
Ere the thunderbolts of doom are driven,
Who can tell the oaks that shall be riven?
Yet, whatever end the strife befall,
Words of fire shall smite thee from the wall;

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Thou hast sold, the Arch-traitor to eclipse,
Myriad lives, with kisses on thy lips;
And the field by which the Danube runs,
Crimson from the nations' murdered sons,
Shall be called from thee the bloody plain—
Grave of strangers in the battle slain.

From one eye no mist of doubt can screen us;
Europe? no—the Truth shall judge between us;
Though the kingdoms in the balance waver,
Veering at the breath of Fortune's favour;
Though the legions of thy Scythian horde
Fight like blood-hounds loyal to their lord:
Could'st thou beat us backward till we perish—
Truth her blameless record still should cherish;
Truth should point to all succeeding Time,
Which the author of the wanton crime,
Right is might—but e'en if Right could fail,
Truth is greater—AND SHE SHALL PREVAIL.

Temple, April, 1854. F. L.
Morning Chronicle.

ALLEGRO VIVACE.

No more words:
Try it with your swords!
Try it with the arms of your bravest and your
best,
You are proud of your manhood, now put it to
the test:
Not another word:
Try it by the sword.
No more Notes;
Try it by the throats
Of the cannon that will roar till the earth and
air be shaken,
For they speak what they mean, and they can-
not be mistaken.
No more doubt:
Come—fight it out.
No child's play!
Waste not a day:
Serve out the deadliest weapons that you know,
Let them pitilessly hail in the faces of the foe:
No blind strife;
Waste not one life.

You that are abroad,
Our hope, and our vanguard—
When the morning sun shall gleam on their
points that move abreast,
Think of England all asleep beyond the curtain
of the west :

Bide the shock of doom :
When you charge, charge home.

You that are at home,
Behind the wall of foam—
Leave not a jot to chance, while you live in
quiet ease :
Quick ! forge the bolts of war ; quick ship
them o'er the seas :

If aught should fail at need,
You would rue the day indeed.

You that are abroad,
“Steady !” be your word :
You that are at home, be the anchor of the host,
Make them sure at any cost, for their blood
would cost the most.

To be slow were sin and shame ;
Now—play out the game.

Temple.

Morning Chronicle, 28 April.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

(From the Danish.)

BY MRS. ADDY.

He seeks the tranquil scenes of early days,
Leaving the dazzling haunts of vain Ambition ;
And now, he longs to meet a kindly gaze,
And hear a warm and cheering recognition.

How changed he seems ! Though still in Man-
hood's prime,
Long hath he striven with care, want, and
danger ;

Their iron grasp has wrought the work of Time,
And all who view him, deem him as a stranger.

He meets with one who knew him when a boy :
How oft, beneath yon trees, in summer
weather,

They sat, and pictured scenes of future joy,
When they should tread the far-off world
together !

They stand upon the old familiar spot :
One feels long vanished memories steal o'er
him ;

The other sees, yet recognises not
His blithe companion in the form before him.

Next comes a friend, who in his wavering youth
His footsteps had upheld with patient guiding ;
Wise in his counsel, steadfast in his truth,
Prompt in his praise, and gracious in his
chiding.

Hath he, indeed, discarded from his mind
The object of his care and admonition ?
He hath not—yet he casts no glance behind ;
The wanderer fails to wake his recognition.

What, doth his image live indeed with none ?
Have all expelled him from their recollection ?
Lo ! a sweet lady comes—the cherished one
To whom he breathed his vows of young
affection.

He views her—she has lost the airy grace
And mantling bloom that won his boyish duty ;
And yet a winning charm pervades her face,
In the calm radiance of its mellowed beauty.

Can *she* forget ? Though others pass him by,
Failing his former features to discover,
Will not her faithful heart instruct her eye
To recognise her dear, her long-lost lover ?

Oh ! in that grief-worn man, no trace remains
Of the gay, gallant youth from whom she
parted ;

A brief and careless glance alone she deigns
To the poor sufferer, chilled and broken-
hearted ;

Who feels as though condemned to lead hence-
forth

A strange, a sad, a separate existence,
Gazing awhile on those he loves on earth,
But to behold them fading in the distance.

Lo ! a pale matron comes, with quiet pace,
And aspect of subdued and gentle sadness ;—
Fondly she clasps him in a warm embrace,
And greets him with a burst of grateful
gladness !

“Praise be to Heaven !” the weary wanderer
cries,

“All human love is not a mocking vision :
Through every change, in every varied guise,
The Son still claims his MOTHER'S Recog-
nition !”

Ladies' Companion.

ON A VALIANT SOULDIER.

A SPANISH souldier in the Indian warres,
Who oft came off with honour and some scarres,
After a tedious battell, when they were
Enforced for want of bullets to forbear,
Farther to encounter, which the Savage Moore
Perceiving, scoffed, and neerer than before,
Approached the Christian host ; the Souldier
grieved

To be outbraved, yet could not be relieved.
Beyond all patience vexed, he said, although
I bullets want, myself will wound the Foe ;
Then from his mouth took he a tooth, and sent
A fatal message to their Regiment :
What armes will fury steed men with, when we
Can from our selves have such artillerie ;
Samson the jaw-bone can no trophy rear
Equal to his, who made his tooth his speare.

Witt's Recreations.

CONUNDRUM—WHICH TOOK THE PRIZE.

Why is an Elephant like a Lady's Veil ?

(Answer in the next number.)

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Histoire des Réfugiés Protestants de France depuis la Revocation de l'Édit de Nantes jusqu'à nos jours.* Par M. CH. WEISS. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris: 1853. This work, translated from the French by William Henry Hubert, has been published in New York by Stringer & Townsend.
2. *Histoire de la Littérature Française à l'étranger depuis le Commencement du 17e Siècle.* Par M. A. SAYOUS. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1853.
3. *Histoire Philosophique de l'Académie de Prusse depuis Leibnitz jusqu'à Schelling, particulièrement sous Frédéric le Grand.* Par M. CHR. BARTHOLOMÉES. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1851.
4. *History of the Protestants of France from the Commencement of the Reformation to the present Time.* Translated from the French of G. de FÉLICE, D. D. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1853.

WE hail the appearance of M. Weiss's book with pleasure, though it is not exactly the sort of work which we should have wished. We shall say presently, how we have been to a certain degree disappointed by the general tenor of his history; still it is but fair to mention at first the merits which give a real value to these volumes, and render them worthy of an attentive perusal.

The history of the French Protestant refugees, whom religious persecution scattered over Europe, and even on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, is one of the most interesting episodes in the annals of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Here was a subject ready for a living picture, with much unity in it and as much diversity; thousands of exiles, stamped with the same national features, cast abroad in the same storm into different regions and exposed to perpetual vicissitudes of fortune, until they are at last assimilated with the hospitable populations who have afforded them a shelter. Yet the subject, attractive as it may seem, had not been treated as a whole before the attempt of M. Weiss. Separate portions of it had, indeed, been supplied at long intervals by competent writers. Thus, as far back as 1690, we meet with an excellent description of the establishment of the French refugees in the electorate of Brandenburg, written by one of the leading men in the rising colony, Charles Ancillon, the son of David, an eminent pastor of Metz, who had been generously welcomed by the Great Elector, and whose family, during many generations, proved a precious accession to their new country. A century later, from 1782 to 1800, two masters of the French school at Berlin, Erman and Reclam, published nine volumes of memoirs on the same subject, and both of them died

without having finished the task they had intended to perform. This work, though composed with great diffuseness, forms a very useful collection, and those who are alarmed by its bulk, may find a serviceable abridgement of it in the Appendix to Dohm's 'Denkwürdigkeiten.'

The refugees who settled in England waited longer for a history of their fortunes, but they at length found a chronicler in Mr. Southerdon Burr, who having been appointed, in 1848, secretary to the commission for collecting the non-parochial registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials, undertook the work of extricating from the papers committed to his hands all the profitable matter they could yield. He has thence drawn an authentic sketch of the French, Walloon, Dutch and other foreign Protestant congregations harboured in England since the reign of Henry VIII., in the form of a *catalogue raisonné* of those curious archives, full of particulars, dates, family names and quotations; being rather well-arranged materials of a book than the book itself. Lastly, 'the descendant of a refugee' published, two years ago, a summary account of the calamities which the revocation of the Edict of Nantes inflicted on the Reformed Churches of France. The essay deserves attention, though it is written in a puritanical tone, and disguised under the strange title of 'The Witnesses in Sackcloth.' Luckily, the book is better than its title: half of it is filled with a literary and bibliographical appendix, including accurate notices of many tracts and pamphlets (some of them rare or manuscript), descriptive of subsequent events in the history of the French refugees after their dispersion.

These were the predecessors of M. Weiss, in detached portions of the subject which he has undertaken to treat as a whole. He has amply profited by the researches of Ancillon, Erman, and Reclam for Prussia, and by Burr's indications for England; he has completed the illustration which they had given of the subject with fresh inquiries of his own, and he has also extended his researches to branches they had not touched; he has followed the refugees to Holland and Switzerland, to the Northern countries of Europe, and to America. His work is simply written, clearly divided, and conceived and executed in a laudable spirit of impartiality. The author evidently strives, in dealing with many delicate questions, to avoid offence to the parties concerned. He observes, in general, a studied neutrality, to which we have no other objection, than that it sometimes renders his narrative not only smooth but cold. He has, moreover, devoted the utmost attention to the statistical facts of the French exodus, and considered it with the eyes of a

modern economist. Mirabeau, who was too much imbued with the ideas and passions of his own time to be able to appreciate the active elements of the preceding age, seems to have thought that the chief benefit which Prussia derived from her adopted denizens of French origin was, that she obtained through their means, a better supply of fruits and vegetables, a more wholesome diet, and a consequent mitigation of the scurvy and leprosy.* M. Weiss, indeed, takes a wider view of the subject, and he ascribes to the refugees their full share in the moral and intellectual, as well as in the material development of the states where they were received. Nevertheless, even he dwells at such length upon the enumeration and the details of the trades, arts, and manufactures, which owed their progress to the French settlers, that he might sometimes lead his readers into the same misapprehension as Mirabeau, and cause them to forget the men themselves for the works of their hands. But this, after all, is nothing worse than a superabundance of information upon a point which is really important, though less important than others upon which he has been too concise.

Herein consists the main defect of his work. The history of the French refugees might have proved a rich gallery of individual characters and original portraits; but these are not to be found in the book of their historian; it is a history void of men. In so saying, we no more mean to cast censure on Mr. Weiss than we should quarrel with a painter for not having reproduced upon his canvas hues and shades which his eyes were not naturally endowed with the faculty of seeing. We do not deny that M. Weiss has supplied us with an exact nomenclature of the refugees and of their different avocations with biographical notices of the principal among them, and with a statement of their writings, or of their achievements and promotions as soldiers. But, after having plodded through pages and pages of this correct and somewhat dry account, the reader will never succeed in reviving one of M. Weiss's heroes in his memory. Their figures fade away from his mind, as things which were never alive; the historian has not lived intimately enough with them to give us any striking image of their life, and with a few exceptions, he says little of their moral being. He scarcely informs us of the mental struggle in which so many were then engaged, and the traces of which have been so deeply impressed in all the relics of their time—the great struggle between the inward consciousness of an individual duty and the outward pressure of the civil power. He says nothing of the battles which were fought in the

hearts of so many sufferers, at the fireside of so many families, when the point at issue was either to renounce all the comforts of their earthly existence or to destroy the sanctity of their most cherished belief with the shame of an enforced lie. Of the hopes and the fears, of the prejudices and illusions, of the good or bad feelings which fermented in that proscribed multitude, M. Weiss conveys to us no vivid impression. They were a medley of people tossed about in a common calamity by the persecution which had driven them abroad. Gentlemen and merchants, schoolmasters, professors and clergymen, shopkeepers and farmers, soldiers and shepherds, noble ladies and servant girls; but far removed as they were from each other by their station in the world, most of them had chosen their painful lot with the utmost firmness, and the mark of the mental effort was stamped upon their faces. We do not recognize any decided physiognomy in the lifeless exhibition which M. Weiss has made of them. Neither has he taken sufficient notice of the changes which the course of years wrought in the moral condition of the refugees once established in their respective settlements. He does not show very sensibly the increasing difference between the successive generations: between the first refugees escaping from the wreck, and their sons or grandsons more and more accustomed to the hospitable harbour.

If we wade through the ponderous chapters which Elie Benoit wrote a few years after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and read his account of the increasing breaches which had been made in it before its official abrogation,—if we follow him through his digressions and controversies, we may, perhaps, be wearied, we may find fault with his passionate judgments upon men and things,—but we feel, after all, that there are men stirring on the stage, and in spite of the confusion of interests long since extinct, we are pleased with the living spectacle of human feeling. The narration of the disturbances in the Cevennes by Antoine Court, though the work of a more impartial mind, and composed at a greater distance from the time to which it relates, conveys the same impression of human reality. It is this reality which we miss in the work of M. Weiss, and we regret its absence for the following reasons.

The subject which he had selected was a favourable opportunity for representing single actors moving in the great drama of history, and we think that such a representation would be now well-timed, especially in the author's country. History is not made by the mute operation of the collective people, to be expressed in statistical tables.

* *De la Monarchie Prussienne*, vol. I. pp. 32, 33.

It is the complex result of the acts of individuals, and there is no flesh or blood in it without the distinct appearance of individual figures. No materials for history exist until single figures have emerged from the crowd. The business of the historian, therefore, is to exhibit the influence of individual action in the determination of historical events. He ought to lay more stress upon personal motives and acts than upon the vague and blind forces of general causes. He ought to look first at the men in order to discover the secret of the events, instead of subordinating the events themselves to abstractions. It is the honour of the eminent writers who have contributed so much to the progress of historical studies in France to have now adopted this method of treating history. In such books as the 'Antonio Perez' and the 'Marie Stuart' of Mignet, the monographies lately published by Guizot, and the 'Formation du Tiers Etat' by A. Thierry, there is no danger of losing sight of the free individual agency which is the life of history. But unfortunately there has been in France another tendency, long since established, which leads the historian to a very different view of events. Without any disparagement to so considerable a work as 'l'Histoire de la Civilisation en France,' is it not true that the ability with which M. Guizot has there combined general ideas, and embodied them under national types,—that the precision with which he traces the development of certain fixed principles through successive ages, as if there was never any accidental occurrence in the ways of mankind,—that the most effective qualities of his method may have been too instrumental in diverting the minds from the spectacle of individual activity? Imitators always caricature the model which they copy. Under the influence of this system nations have been currently spoken of as materials which are amalgamated or dissolved according to elementary laws by which individuals are moved like puppets. The case is not very different with Mignet's history of the French Revolution. When, in order to apologise for the crimes which characterised an era of social commotion, he insinuates throughout his rapid narrative that there was a sort of fatal concatenation in the series of occurrences, and intimates that the actors in the drama were impelled by an irresistible necessity, did he not unintentionally teach his countrymen to acquiesce passively in the course of the events, whatever may have been their moral quality? As to Mr. Thierry himself, when, during the great struggle of the Restoration, he placed in so prominent a light the natural differences arising between men from variety of races,

he certainly drew very dramatic pictures, intended to support the liberal interest of the moment; but did he suspect that a time would come when the influence of the race upon the condition of man would be so much exaggerated as to allow the highest authorities of his country to proclaim, and the vulgar to believe, on the credit of the official announcement, that the Celtic races have a natural love for despotic monarchy, and are unfit for the enjoyment of constitutional freedom?

It is indeed the unavoidable tendency of advancing civilisation to absorb the action of individuals in the machinery of the great social bodies to which they belong. The civilized state becomes so powerful a compound that every detached member of it, when looking at the whole, may be tempted to subside into the contemplation of his particular insignificance. This is especially the case in a country where, as in France, the national temper does not admit much of self-reliance, where the moral props necessary to the support of the conscience have been so much shattered that every one in the hard paths of life is rather prone to lean upon his neighbour than pleased to stand alone. Men placed in such circumstances are liable to lose the sense of the rights and duties attached to an independent existence. They may soon come to feel much more as inert than as active portions of the commonwealth; not having preserved any initiative within themselves, they wait constantly for an impulse from without. Now this impulse may be good or bad; the State whose movements they follow may proceed on a smooth and regular line, or roll about in a random and erratic course: there is little assistance from individuals to help it to go right, and much less resistance to prevent it from going wrong. Hence it is especially desirable that the modern historian should counteract the dangerous inclination of the times by infusing into his readers the important lesson of political and moral self-reliance; and by convincing them that each man, in his separate capacity, is a responsible agent.

History, indeed, cannot now be composed in the style of the classical models. Still, when we consider the bias which it has received in the hands of the best masters of the modern French school, we almost regret the speechifying heroes of the older historians of France, such as Mezeray, and their fictitious harangues after the model of Thucydides and Livy. The men who then appeared in the pages of the historian were not, it is true, much like the real men whom they represented, but they were at least independent figures upon the stage. The solemnity of their oratorical displays obliged

the reader to give them their due place in the world, and did not for a moment permit the confused notion of an uncontrollable influence predominating at once over a whole people. There was happily no room for such a notion in the subject which M. Weiss had chosen to treat, no occasion for any general scheme of historical dogmatism. This is our reason for wishing that he had given a more impressive appearance to his Protestant refugees. They were good specimens, had they been only studied with a more curious eye, to be put forth as a living contradiction to the abstract historical method; they could not be brought under any fatalist system. They had been stiffnecked enough in spite of their Celtic blood, and governable enough in lands of liberty, though not to be governed at pleasure in a land of slavery.

However, it is but justice to say that M. Weiss's book is not altogether liable to the objection upon which we have thus dwelt. Distinctly marked features and well delineated characters appear from time to time in his pages; but these he has borrowed, though always with scrupulous acknowledgment, from two other works. "*L'Histoire de la Littérature Française à l'étranger*," by M. Sayous, and "*L'Histoire Philosophique de l'Académie de Berlin*," by M. Bartholmès, have been useful resources to M. Weiss, and both are so closely connected with his subject, that we must now make some mention of them.

M. Sayous, the editor of the correspondence of Mallet Dupan, and the author of valuable essays upon the French writers of the Reformation, was probably led by his studies upon the sixteenth century to prosecute his researches into the literary history of the seventeenth. The French writers of the Calvinistic persuasion had begun to wander abroad in the first period of the religious discords, and kept a constant intercourse with foreign divines and scholars. This intercourse, which had never been interrupted, became still closer a century later, when the Calvinist ministers, driven by persecution from their native land, carried French literature with them to Holland, England, and Germany. They fill the principal place in the recent book of M. Sayous, which is mainly a disquisition upon the general movement of literature among the refugees. But he has not confined himself within these limits; he has taken a more extensive, though less consistent, range. He endeavours to discover the peculiarities of the French genius, either when assumed by foreigners with the French language, or when transplanted by Frenchmen out of their own country, and more or less altered

by its contact with strange manners and strange tongues. The idea is ingenious and has many attractions for a critic as refined, and as fond of literary curiosities as M. Sayous seems to be; but we fear that it might be difficult to bring it to any positive result and to support it by conclusive proofs.

The history of the Berlin Academy by M. Bartholmès is chiefly an exposition of philosophical doctrines; but the Academy itself owed its origin to the extraordinary progress which civilization had made in the new Prussian monarchy by means of the French refugees. The Berlin Academy, founded in 1700, by King Frederic I., and nearly coeval with the conversion of his electoral into a royal title, was but the compliment of the literary institutions which the Great Elector, Frederic William, had established with the help of the French Protestants. The French language was even substituted for the Latin in all the academic proceedings, when Frederic II. restored the learned society and secured its existence with a larger endowment. The very existence of the academy during his reign was a continual contest between the French spirit of the seventeenth and the French spirit of the eighteenth century. The descendants of the Protestant refugees had to maintain the moral and religious traditions of their forefathers against the assaults of the wandering philosophers, whom Frederic invited out of their mother country and harboured at his court. The materialism professed by the king and his favourites, according to the French fashion of the time, was effectually checked by the profound spiritualism which the representatives of the French colony in the Berlin Academy had inherited from the preceding age. M. Bartholmès has collected and arranged the memorials of this illustrious society, and though it has not been his main object, he has nevertheless proved, in his way, a useful contributor to the history of the French refugees.

The interesting work of M. de Félice is a general history of the French Protestants in their own country, and only touches incidentally upon the Protestant Refugees abroad. He has, however, devoted two chapters of his fourth book (chap. i. and viii) to an account of their emigration, and to biographical sketches of the principal refugee pastors.

Now, with the assistance of the several works we have here described, and with documents which we regret M. Weiss has passed over in his visit to the British Museum, we will attempt to sketch the features of the Protestant emigration, to give a short outline of the most prominent characters which made those men conspicu-

ous in the world, though uprooted from their own soil, and scattered among the nations. First of all, let us consider them before the days of their exile, and inquire what sort of people they were among their former countrymen.

They were a minority, and a minority which for many years had appealed for protection only to a legal title, to a written charter. This tells much about their fate to every one who knows the inveterate dislike of the French to being in a minority, unless it be a riotous one, and their natural inability to feel themselves bound by the letter of a positive law. These were the permanent causes of the harsh treatment which the Protestants endured long before they were deprived of the official guarantee of their edict.

There is a story about the revocation of the Edict of Nantes which has enjoyed all the credit which springs from frequent repetition. Even now the most popular notion certainly is that Louis XIV., after having spent his best years in licentiousness and profligacy, married an old bigoted woman in the decline of his life, allowed himself to be governed by her arts, and thought of nothing but making amends for his past sins by persecuting his heretical subjects. Such was the first cry of Protestant opinion abroad, and such was probably the information imparted by many among the refugees. They had borne all the previous oppression without despairing, because they did not cease to put some confidence in the apparent maintenance of the edict. When it was definitively abrogated, it seemed to them as if their misery had all at once burst out, because they were precluded from their last hope of recovery. Nearly all the libels printed at that time in England or Holland agree with this general impression, and represent the King as having abdicated his royalty into the hands of his wife. On the title-page of a penny pamphlet, published in London in 1708, there is a coarse wood engraving which may be taken as a sign of the current rumour. Louis, with his voluminous wig, and his crown on his head, kneels before Madame de Maintenon, who is sitting at her ease on a high-backed state chair, and looks as if she were about to give a slap with her fan to her royal husband. The most extraordinary fabrications were invented and addressed to the credulity of the good Protestant people as an explanation of the French King's pretended conversion, and of his unexpected cruelty against their brethren in France. So, for instance, in a supposed letter of Père la Chaise to the famous Father Peters, dated 8th July, 1688, we read that the confessor of Louis had

been once so lucky as to obtain the permission of exterminating all the Huguenots of the kingdom at one blow. This course he commends to his English colleague as the best to be applied to the English heretics, though he has not himself succeeded in effecting it in France, and he has been there reduced to the slow and inadequate expedient of the dragonades. The affair is related with incredible particulars; and Louis makes the same humble figure before Père la Chaise as he had made, in the other pamphlet, before his wife. The King having committed acts of incontinence, absolution has been refused to him, till the worthy father had got from his penitent a commission under the royal hand and seal to sacrifice all the Huguenots in a body. He appoints the day of the future massacre, and meantime writes some thousands of letters to be sent into all parts of France by the same post, for urging the execution of the royal mandate. Then as the King was affected with some compassion for the Huguenots, and still hesitated, the father orders him to retire to his closet, to shut out all visitors, and to spend in prayer the whole day, on which the letters were to be sent. But Condé forces an entrance, inquires about the dejected looks of Louis, and persuades him to withdraw his commission from the hands of Père la Chaise. He runs to the post office, and arrives in time to stop the dispatch of the murderous letters; nay, he meets there the father himself who had incautiously come to hasten the business, seizes him by the throat, draws his sword, and obliges him to surrender the commission which he had extorted. The consequence is, that Condé dies poisoned within the space of five or six days after his impious action, and the King, having craved absolution on his knees, strikes a new bargain with his confessor and the Jesuits. The heretics are to be left again at the disposal of the clergy, upon condition that they are not to be slaughtered, as had been formerly agreed, but only converted by fair means or force. Hence originated the Revocation.

We have recited at length this legendary fiction of some zealous Protestant, in order to exhibit the grotesque shape under which the false conceptions still prevalent on this point of history made their first appearance. In truth, the French Protestants had been incessantly ill-used and harassed in their domestic and public concerns since the beginning of the reign; and the most decided measures of persecution were adopted at the time when the greatest offence was given to religion and morality, by the double intimacy of the King with Madame de Montespan on the decay of her favor, and

Madame de Fontanges in her bloom. The extirpation of the Reformed Churches had been so strenuously pursued years before the revocation, that the promoters of the edict of repeal believed them to be almost entirely extinct, and considered the act of the Government as rather sanctioning a state of things already in existence, than decreeing a new one. The revocation was caused much less by secret changes in the humor of the King, than by his constant aversion to a religious dissent, which in his eyes seemed like a rebellion; the King himself was countenanced and instigated in his political antipathy by the social prejudices which the mass of the nation entertained against the Huguenots. We do not mean this as an excuse for the King; we mention the fact as illustrative of the position which the Protestants then occupied in France, and of the marked characters which divided them from their fellow-citizens. We say again, they were a minority; and we must now explain why they were an unpopular minority.

There were not at this time many remains of the sincere fury which had raged on both sides in the religious wars of the sixteenth century. Religion had become more enlightened; there was little fanatical zeal in the piety of the age. When we consider that the plan of argumentative discussion to which Bossuet challenges his opponents is contemporary with the brutal proceedings to which the royal and municipal officers resort against them as to more expeditious arguments, we must seek for another motive for such violence than blind bigotry. If the Protestants were no longer as much hated as formerly for their mere creed, they were still less to be feared for their political and military power. They were no longer a republican confederation in the midst of a monarchical state. Richelieu had put down their feudal privileges, broken open the gates of their fortified towns, razed their castles to the ground, and forced them, disarmed and powerless, into the national community. But the bold Cardinal who dared to support the Protestant European alliance against Austria, would never have assailed the liberty of the Protestant faith at home. He was even courteous to the French Protestant clergy; and when the ministers of La Rochelle went to greet him after the surrender of the town, he dexterously said to them, 'Gentlemen, I am glad to receive you, if not as an ecclesiastical body, at any rate as men of letters whose learning and talent I much esteem.' Mazarin pursued the same line of conduct: the Calvinists showed themselves the most faithful subjects to the King during the *Fronde*, and

stood by the royal party against Condé. Mazarin said of them, 'I have nothing to complain of the little flock; they browse on weeds, but they do not run astray.'

It was, therefore, not so much as heretics or as rebels that the Protestant minority had become an object of aversion to the nation and to the King; it was rather as a social class, distinguished from the surrounding population by peculiar features which were nearly all repulsive to the prevailing habits and tastes of the majority. They were one million out of twenty, in whom many moral differences had almost obliterated the native similarity which should have existed between them and their countrymen. M. Sayous has, in the following passage, sagaciously pointed out some of these differences.

They were not a State in the State, it is true, but they were a people in the people; it was a people which Calvin had founded. The modern Spartans, who obeyed the rules of that new Lycurgus, lived in a peculiar manner, according to the maxims and in the practice of a very severe discipline. They did not live, they did not feel nor think under the discipline of the Calvinist Churches, as those who had persevered in the bosom of the Roman orthodoxy, under the regimen of confession, with a belief in the efficacy of good works, and the intercession of the Saints, and with the pomp of the temples, the fond adoration of the Virgin, and the gaiety of the numerous holidays. The Protestant appeared generally stern in his domestic habits, stiff and haughty in his public demeanor; his gravity was deemed rather offensive, as a mark of the undoubting confidence he placed in himself, as a sign of proud independence. Confined to the narrow circle of his home, and obliged to watch over himself, he yielded slowly and sparingly to the luxury which was increasing around him. Order and economy were thus naturally to reign over his house, and made his business thriving. The very simplicity of his worship, the small number of the feasts which he celebrated, proved for him a temporal advantage, the enjoyment of which Catholics of the lower classes grudged him greatly. The Protestants, being a more laborious and industrious class, seemed constantly to reproach the Catholics with their want of diligence and their poverty. This antipathy against the Protestants had not been at all mitigated since Richelieu had humbled their condition. On the contrary, their political depression caused the material superiority of which they carefully availed themselves, to shine in a light more provoking to the prejudiced eyes of the Catholic population. It made the Catholics more enraged at that difference of manners, habits, and feelings, which men bear so impatiently. Here is the secret of the popular impulse with which Louis XIV. complied, ill-disposed as he was, like the meanest of his subjects, towards that race of Huguenots odious to his faith, repul

sive to his instinct of authority, altogether unpleasant for one who loved, like a Frenchman, the splendors of warlike glory, the majesty, the gracefulness, the gorgeous pleasures of royalty.

A few traits more will complete the picture. There were some other characteristics which isolated the Protestants in the midst of the French nation, and made them objects of popular envy or dislike, as long as they were allowed to be citizens in their own country. First, they had more frequent intercourse with foreigners than their Catholic countrymen. The correspondence of Duplessis Mornay is an instructive memorial of the constant intercourse between the French Protestants and their brethren abroad. Merchants travelled for their trade; ministers went to the foreign academies to study under the reformed divines who were in chief repute; foreign students mixed with the native ones in the celebrated schools of Saumur and Sedan. Noblemen paid visits to the courts of Holland, England, and Germany, and performed their journeys through strange lands with the inquisitive mind which they had inherited from the previous age, when tourists like Sir Philip Sidney were tutored by ciceroni like Hubert Languet. We read in the panegyric of the Duke of Schomberg, by his chaplain, H. de Luzaney, (1690):—'Travelling was not in the time of his youth what the monstrous corruption and degeneracy of this age has made it, since it is now resolved into a smattering of French, and a perfect system of all manners of vices. Men of quality then not only learnt languages, a fine sort of accomplishment, but endeavoured to penetrate into the interests, designs, and inclinations of other countries.'

Meantime, the French Protestants at home kept a more distinct memory of their family traditions than their Catholic neighbours. As their fathers or forefathers had not embraced the reformed faith without undergoing many tribulations which had been notable passages in their life, they were the more impressed with the memorials which attested this sort of nobility. In the most obscure houses there were hereditary records which constituted a sort of aristocratic descent in favour of their possessors. The marks of that spirit and the last of those proud recollections appear in the numerous pamphlets which were issued by the refugees in the lands of their exile. One says as his own apology, how his great grandfather, having been taught the truth by a physician of Queen Margaret, the sister of Francis I., the grandmother of Henri IV., fought as a soldier in the first battles of the religious wars; how his grandfather, a deputy of the

Béarnese churches to the Synod of la Rochelle in 1620, was hanged in effigy.* Another writes a notice of his family to be presented to the syndics and counsels of Geneva, because his maternal grandfather, one of the victims of the St. Bartholomew, had been the pupil of Calvin himself in the Genevese school; and the author traces back his genealogy to 'the blaze of the first fires in which the martyrs of Jesus were burnt.† That strong attachment of the Protestants to their bloody family titles was not fitted to soothe the resentment of the Catholics. Besides, occurring sometimes in humble condition of life, it seemed to breathe too aristocratic a spirit, and it gave a more direct offence to that levelling humour which has been a constant feature in the temper of the French middle classes, which they have often mistaken for true liberalism, but which causes the despotic sway of one man over the entire community never to be very unacceptable to them.

It must also be borne in mind that in the free management of their churches, in their consistories and synods, the Protestants had acquired or maintained those habits of discussion and self-government, the growth of which in France at large had been stifled by many causes. Besides, the tenacity with which they held to the text of the edict, could not but be particularly obnoxious to people who, thinking that the edict ought to be abrogated at once for the public safety, were irritated by (what seemed to them) a narrow-minded and lawyer-like adherence to its words. It was but one episode in the long battle which has been always so successfully fought in France against every positive law in the name of that flexible, iniquitous, and supreme law, *salus populi*. Last of all, from their former political station in the kingdom, the Protestants had retained the fame of being a great power when they were so no longer, and every one who tilted at them enjoyed the dearest pleasure of vulgar minds,—that of facing an enemy who is supposed to be strong and known to be weak.

There were in fact many vulgar motives to the general attack which was made upon the Protestants throughout France many years before the revocation. The decrees of the King's council, which were issued against them year after year since 1662, were evidently suggested by the keen vigilance of local rivalries. They were but a satisfaction given to the mean passions which

* Apologie de Pierre Rival, Ministre de la Chapelle Française au Palais de St. James, 1761.

† Baignoux, Minister at Poitiers, and since at the Patent in London, caused this notice, writing by his father-in-law Laurent Drelincourt, in 1655, to be printed again at Leyden, in 1652.

are excited by the petty squabbles of provincial life, or to the covetous competitions of tradesmen and shopkeepers, engaged in the same business with heretical brethren of whom they wished to get rid. The King is not the less to be condemned by posterity for having given his sanction to those prosecutions which would not have been instituted, but for the certainty of being countenanced by his favor. Still it is also fair to acknowledge that the King, if left to himself, would never have been so anxious to promote the exclusive benefit of the Catholic linendrapers, embroiderers, grocers, apothecaries, and artisans of every description, had they not been eager to advance their pecuniary interests under the pretence of their orthodoxy. The mere enumeration of the *arrêts du conseil* which debar the Protestants from trades and professions, would afford an instructive lesson as to the position in which they were placed since the beginning of the reign. In order to become acquainted with the consequences of these decrees it is not necessary to resort to the bitter commentary of Benoit. They speak out nearly as loud, when perused in a neutral book, like the *Recueil Général des anciennes Loix Françaises*, where their titles only are often mentioned. The Protestants had thus been beaten down by unremitting adversaries in all their commercial and professional interests, for twenty-five years before their definite expulsion. They had been successively excluded by local regulations, if not always by general laws, from nearly all guilds and offices. They had been at the same time exposed to systematic indignities and calculated annoyances on every occasion of public intercourse; prohibited from appearing as a body in any official ceremony; beset with humiliation in the sanctuary of their own places of worship; compelled to pull down the high seats, which were in their churches as well as in the Catholic churches, appropriated to persons in authority; obliged to erase the royal arms and fleurs de lis from the walls and woodcarvings, as if they were not worthy of being accounted the King's subjects. The ministers had been ordered never to walk in the streets with their clerical dress, never to call themselves doctors in divinity, in order to make them feel that they were deemed neither clergymen nor divines.

The singing of psalms, in the old translation of Marot and Beze, was one of the most popular enjoyments among the French Protestants. They were forbidden by several express decrees to sing their sacred chants, either on the roads or on the rivers when travelling, or when driving the plough in the fields, or when at work in their houses, or

even in their churches while the Catholic sacrament or the Catholic processions were passing by. Vainly the boldest among them answered the officers by whom they were prosecuted for such offences with the very words of the psalmist: 'I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth,'—

'Jamais ne cesserai
De magnifier le Seigneur;
En ma bouche aurai son bonheur
Tant que vivant serai.'

The favourite recreation of the Protestant people was soon checked, and the pious canticles silenced all over France. The baptisms, marriages, and burials offered other opportunities for vexing the devoted race. They were not allowed to meet more than twelve together in such domestic solemnities as a wedding or a christening. They were forbidden to carry their dead to the grave but at fixed hours—in the dim light of the dawn or the sunset. In 1664, a minister of Caen having lost his daughter, dared to have her buried with some homely pomp, a sad relief to his sorrow. He had the coffin covered with a white pall, and sprigs and wreaths of rosemary strewed over it; four young girls, with branches of rosemary in their hands, were the pall-bearers. He was fined by the judge of the place, 'for having scandalously attempted to make his religion look as honourable as the religion of the King;' and the parliament of Normandy enacted that rosemary, pall, and pall-bearers should be henceforth interdicted to Protestants. Shall we record the continual encroachments upon the secrecy and dignity of the domestic sanctuary? the servants turned into spies of their masters? the Catholic notaries and midwives forced upon the Protestant families? the bedroom of the sick persons open to the Catholic clergymen, nay, to the lay judiciary officers? the last hours of the dying disturbed by police inquiries in the shape of religious proselytism? the parents robbed of their children by their Catholic relations, and lawsuits carried on in their children's name for obtaining maintenance out of the parental income to be enjoyed by their zealous guardians and converters? Still more: the children invested with the full liberty of choosing the religion they would adopt, not only at twelve and fourteen years of age as formerly, but since 1681, at seven, though even before the royal decree there had been already frequent instances of this religious kidnapping, and of mothers mad with despair at seeing their tender offspring torn from their arms, or stolen out of their cradle by neighbours or kindred?

The French Protestants were not only the victims of the bad feelings entertained against them by the majority of their countrymen, who incessantly called forth the King's power to help their animosity. They were also among the first objects upon which the government functionaries, who were as yet new in their offices, displayed a virtue of theirs which has since remained a traditional, if not always a beneficial, character of the French administration. We mean that industrious ability in bestirring themselves in their department beyond the fair limits of their plain duty; in proving something more than officers adequate to their offices. The civil administration was one of the most active instruments with which the difficult work of establishing a national unity in France was at last completed. When Richelieu, in 1635, created a royal intendant for every province of the realm, he began one of those revolutions which produce the greater effect in proportion as they make the less noise. But it is not to be denied, that whatever might have been the real utility of these new agents appointed by the crown, they were soon attacked by the moral disease which was to become an hereditary one in their offices; they fell into an extravagant affectation of zeal. French zeal in public offices is a thing of its own, to which neither the English clerkship, nor even the stiff German bureaucracy, offers any analogy. It is a curious mixture, in which taste for dependence and love of importance, time-serving anticipation of orders from above, and rigorous exercise of authority over those below, are blended together. The intendants of Louis XIV. had not, like many of their modern successors, the means of showing themselves as "more royalist than the king;" for loyalty in that age was like the breath of life, even in persons who had suffered most from royal oppression. But they were, each in his particular jurisdiction, the first promoters of the harsh measures which were afterwards applied on a larger scale by royal decrees. They must be held responsible for having given the first hints of the practical expedients by which the system of compulsion was carried on, when the resolution of extirpating the heresy was once enforced with the French governmental ardor. Long before the fatal year 1685, they had sent military lodgers to the Huguenots, to let them feel the temporal disadvantage of their creed; they had dispensed the new converts to the Catholic faith from paying their debts; they had bought conversions with money. The general cash office, managed by Pelisson, for that holy purpose, was opened in 1676, in consequence of the good impression

produced upon the mind of the King by the tidings of the cheap bargains obtained on that principle in the diocese of Grenoble. The bishop himself had been indeed the leader of the affair; bishops sometimes vied with intendants in pleasing the King. Their firm asseveration of the Gallican liberties against the pretensions of the Pope did not emancipate them from their humble subserviency to the crown, and many were evidently guided in their deportment towards the heretics, not only by their natural partiality for their own church, but by their more worldly wish of being well spoken of at court.

Nothing can be more odious than to see this measure of religious conversion conducted with the formality of an official transaction, and almost turned into a mere matter of administration, or even made a ladder for ambitious functionaries. When at the first outbreak of the religious wars in the sixteenth century, Blaise de Montluc went up and down the highways of Guyenne, hanging heretics on the trees, in order, as he said, to mark his passage, he did not think of courting any one, and was satisfied with quenching his rage. The clear impression which results from the perusal of the contemporary documents is, that the Protestants of the seventeenth century were not the objects of this savage and merciless hatred; but they scarcely suffered less by the more regular proceedings which were taken against them, nor did they less keenly resent a persecution of which the temporal motives were so visible.

There is a curious collection of caricatures, published in 1691, probably in London, which contains grotesque portraits of the principal persons engaged in the work of persecution. The most prominent 'heroes of the League,' as they are called, the worst-looking figures in the 'procession monacal' (they are all muffled up in monkish frocks and cowls,) are neither the King, nor Madame de Maintenon, nor even Père la Chaise, but magistrates and intendants; and not only men who remained famous, like Basville and Marillac, but persons now quite forgotten, who seem to have at that time inspired the most lively execration of their deeds, inferior judges and petty officers, even a certain La Rapine, a director of the hospital at Valence, about whom Benoit had also preserved terrible accounts. Benoit himself explains somewhere, how the intendants were always more eager in their prosecutions when new in their office because they desired to make their renown reach the court.

It is the unavoidable fault and punishment of every despotic ruler to be himself enslaved either by the machinery with which he

carries on his despotism, or by the spirit of the multitude which worships him as their representative. We do not intend to apologise for the conduct of Louis XIV., by explaining how he was prompted and countenanced in his disastrous campaign against his Protestant subjects, either by the general feeling of his people, or by the intemperate zeal of his officers. We mean only to show how the generation of men, who left France at the Revocation, had been brought up under the double pressure of the vast majority who hated them, and of the many functionaries who tried to achieve promotion by their ruin. They had been well trained for their subsequent fate, well prepared for acclimating themselves among foreigners, by having been used much worse than foreigners in their own country. They endured, for a long time, the scourge of both the national and royal displeasure with patience and loyalty. 'Patient as a Huguenot' had become a proverbial saying in many provinces. The emigration had already begun; the life of a Protestant in France was a complication of miseries, and yet in 'an humble petition presented to his Most Christian Majesty by the Marshal Schomberg and the Marquis of Ruigny,' they assured the King, in terms of sincere devotion, that the majority of them would not leave France 'for the love they bore to his sacred person.' They entreated His Majesty 'to make known to the lords of his counsel, presidents and attorney-generals of parliament, to superintendents and commissioners executing the law,' the whole host of their natural enemies, 'that his royal will and pleasure was that the edicts should be observed.' But patience and loyalty were at last exhausted; and it is no wonder that out of that flock, so long harassed by persecution, men started up in the days of retaliation, who wrote such books as the 'Plaintes des Protestants de France' of Claude, the 'Lettres Pastorales' and the 'Soupirs de la France Esclave' of Jurieu; men who fought such deadly battles as the French regiments of Schomberg against the French regiments of Lauzun at the Boyne, or the volunteers of Cavalier, when they so furiously bayoneted their late countrymen at Almanza.

We have dwelt upon the various circumstances which influenced the Revocation, and invested the fatal measure of the French Government with a characteristic peculiarity. As to the principle of public law which was involved in the measure itself, it was then common to France with all Europe. Toleration in religious matters, such as we understand and practice it now, is a late conquest of modern civilisation. The State, in the 17th century, was everywhere eman-

cipated from the Church, but religion had remained the domain of the sovereign, and dissenters were, in principle, if not always in fact, treated as rebellious subjects. There was no difference in this respect between the Protestant and the Catholic policy. The history of England is a melancholy example of the total want of forbearance towards religious dissent. It was one of the fundamental axioms recognised by the Westphalian treaties of 1648, that the right of changing the religion of the people, *jus reformandi*, was attached to the possession of the territory; this principle of public law was compressed into the pregnant phrase,—*ejus religio ejus regio*. The strict application of this maxim to France had been counteracted in the time of Henri IV., Richelieu, and Mazarin, by the necessities of foreign affairs. Catholic France was at the head of all the Protestant forces on the Continent against the House of Austria, and it was this alliance which, in the middle of the 17th century, had reduced both the Emperor and the King of Spain so much below the station which they held in Europe at the end of the 16th. Elated by the native pride of his heart and by the successes of his reign, Louis fell into the pernicious error of aspiring for himself to reach that dangerous eminence from which Spain had, by the power of France, been deposed. The parts were completely changed; and France, which had led Europe against Austria, threatening universal monarchy, went so far as to provoke the same European confederacy against herself, by forming the same ambitious scheme which she had formerly defeated. And, as Louis XIV. dreamt for a moment, like Philip II., of something approaching to universal monarchy, he was likewise induced to adopt that absolutist system of government at home which had been so detrimental to Spain. Everything must be uniform within the bounds of his empire; and he wanted to have done at once with the Huguenots, like Philip II. with the Netherlanders, and Phillip III. with the Moriscos.

The progressive ascendancy gained over the King's councils by this form of Spanish policy was much more the cause of the Revocation than any private suggestion or interference of Madame de Maintenon, who, as Voltaire truly says, cannot be charged with any other share in the measure than that of not having opposed it. Were it not too far from our present object, we could show that Madame de Maintenon had never the means of much opposing the King's wishes, and that she was far indeed from being what legendary stories represented her—the cunning spouse of an uxorious husband. Besides, if she had disliked the intended extirpation

of heresy, she would have stood completely apart from her most illustrious and enlightened contemporaries, the universal applause of whom is not the least extraordinary mark of the public mind in those days.*

It is well known how hospitably the French fugitives were received in all the Protestant countries. In England particularly they were supported by the most charitable exertions of both the Court and the people, though there was a time when James II., who had at first favoured them, almost betrayed them to the French King, and another, when the Parliament proved rather adverse to the refugees, for fear that they might be too convenient allies to William the Third, whose popularity did not last as long as his life.† The national jealousy had been then roused by the political opponents of the new dynasty against the powerful levies of foreigners which William had brought with him to rescue England from Popery; and Englishmen were told they ought to take care not to be enslaved by their deliverers of Dutch and French origin. 'During this time,' says Defoe, 'there came out a vile, abhorred pamphlet, in very ill verses, written by one Mr. Tutchin, and called *The Foreigners*, in which the author fell personally upon the King himself; and after having reproached His Majesty with crimes that his worst enemies could not think of without horror, he sums up all in the odious name of *foreigner*.‡ Defoe wrote his *True-born Englishman* in order to answer Tutchin's poem, to vindicate the King from such attacks, and to remind England that she has not so much to boast of as to her purity of blood and integrity of race. He reminds the country of the six illegitimate dukes sprung from the Italian, French, Scotch, and Cambrian mistresses of Charles II., who,

'With true English pride, may contemn,
Schomberg and Portland, new-made noblemen.'

Then he proceeds to apologise for the most numerous band of those foreign invaders, for 'the banished Protestants of France;‡ but

he does not seem very fond himself of the people whose cause he advocates for the sake of his argument against exclusive nationality. He is glad to lay upon Charles II. the full responsibility of having invited them to England, and he speaks of their arrival in terms of very indifferent courtesy:—

'Hither for God's sake and their own they fled,
Some for religion came, and some for bread.
Two hundred thousand pairs of wooden shoes,
Who, God be thanked, had nothing left to lose,
To heaven's great praise did for religion fly,
To make us starve our poor in charity.
In every port they plant their fruitful train,
To get a race of true-born Englishmen.
Whose children will, when riper years they see,
Be as ill-natured and as proud as we;
Call themselves English—foreigners despise,
Be surely like us all, and just as wise.'

We must remark, however, that this sarcastic strain does not at all agree with the ordinary style in which the refugees were spoken of at the time when Defoe composed these lines (1701). On the contrary, they had been met with the warm interest which a knowledge of their former ordeals had raised for them in the public opinion of England. The number of English relations which were printed in those days about the state of the Protestants in France or in Piedmont, is a clear proof of the general concern for the sufferings which had preceded their flight. The flight itself, the sad particulars and romantic adventures of the exodus—the martyrdom of those who were arrested and sent to the galleys—the whole of the tragedy is carefully described in English contemporary papers. The refugees who flocked from France to England after the Revocation, and even in large numbers from Holland after the Revolution of 1688, found there small colonies and churches of their countrymen, whom previous persecutions or an earlier impatience of the present one had already driven to the same shelter. There were thus French readers for whom the new-comers wrote in French the reports which might make them better known, or their countrymen better acquainted with the affairs over the water. Such reports, full of personal details and private information, were also translated into English, and many passed through several editions. They form a complete department in the popular literature of the time. The close connection between the refugees and the martyrs, these true 'witnesses in sackcloth,' some of whom at last escaped from the prisons and the galleys, to the land of safety and liberty, could not fail to make all sincere English Protestants look at the proscribed fugitives with feelings of respectful sympathy.

* St. Simon is mentioned by M. Weiss as an exception; but he was only ten years of age in 1685, and the manner in which he speaks of the Revocation, is evidently owing in part to his fear lest the glory won by Louis XIII. over the heretics be exceeded by the exploits of Louis XIV., his constant object being to prove the inferiority of the latter to the great king who had made his father a duke. He tells us afterwards, that he resisted with all his power, in the councils of the Regent, the abolition of the edict he had so much censured in his Memoirs.

† In 1699, William writes to Lord Galway, Marquis of Ebury, when the troops have been dismissed by a vote of Parliament,—'It is not possible to be touched more sensibly than I am at my not being able to do more for the poor refugee officers who had served me with so much zeal and fidelity. Assuredly, on all sides, my patience is put to the trial. I am going to breathe a little beyond sea, in order to come back as soon as possible.'

—*Dairymple*, vol. iii. p. 180.

‡ An Appeal to Honour and Justice, &c., 1715.

Every drop of anti-popish blood in this country must have boiled at the perusal of such a book as the *Faithful Account of the Cruelties done to the Protestants on Board the French King's Gallies*,* which is far from being the only one upon the lamentable subject; for there was an accurate enumeration of all those who had been bastinadoed from the end of 1699 to October, 1700, for having refused either to stand up at mass, or to take off their caps at the elevation of the host. Other pamphlets strongly appealed to the domestic, as well as to the religious sentiment. *The History of the Persecution by the French King in the Principality of Orange, from 1660 to 1687, written by M. Pineau de Chambrun, Pastor of the Church of Orange, with a particular Account of the Author's Fall through the violence of the Persecution*;† *The History of the Sufferings of the blessed Martyr, Louis de Marolles*; *The Historical Account of the Sufferings and Death of the faithful Confessor and Martyr M. Isaac Lefebvre, who, after eight Years' Imprisonment, died a Slave in the French King's Gallies*, were tales of domestic virtue no less than of Christian heroism. The severe trials through which Madame de Chambrun passed in joining her husband abroad, the kind and consolatory lines which M. de Marolles wrote to his wife from his horrible dungeon, were fitted to become affecting objects of recollection in England. They had so natural a hold upon English feelings, that the two last of the works above quoted were reprinted as late as 1788, under the care of Priestley, though his views of Christianity were so different from those of the old Protestant martyrs. But he intended, he says, by the example of unenlightened Christians, to teach those who understood Christianity as he did, to raise their minds above the world; and the last confessions of the Calvinistic faith were thus proposed as patterns to the followers of his philosophy.

A century before they had been more properly chosen by the rhymers of popular songs and ballads, as witnesses to warn the English people against the dangers with which France and Popery were said to threaten them. We have found several mentions of the refugees among the *ancient songs and ballads* of the Harleian collection. One of these is called *The Protestant Courage, or a brief Account of some hundred of valiant Seamen who daily come in to serve their Majesties against the Forces of the French King*; and the tune is the famous *Lillibolero*, with which the author, the Earl of Wharton, boasted to have sung James II. out of his Three Kingdoms:—

* Done out of the French, 1700.
† London, 1689.

'The worthy seamen,
Stout lads, brisk and airy.'

advance from all parts to London, and sing on their way the national grievances against the French King: the burden is, 'they will pull down the pride and power of France;' and here is one of the most expressive couplets:—

'Did he not drive his subjects of late
Out of their native country dear?
Those that were rich did leave their estate,
Naked and poor they came to us here.
Should that tyrant gain this kingdom,
The very same would be our hard chance.'

In the same collection there is a masterpiece of a true ballad-maker, whose excited fancy has sought for some horrors less trite than the dragonades had turned to be, and who invented *The rare Example of a virtuous Maid in Paris, who was by her own Mother procured to be put in Prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery, but she continued to the End, and finished her Life in the Fire*. He commences the story in the genuine ballad style:—

'It was a lady's daughter,
Of Paris properly;
Her mother her commanded
To mass that she should hide;
O pardon me, dear mother,
Her daughter dear did say,
Unto that filthy idol
I never can obey.'

At the time when the refugees made their first appearance in this country, their principal leaders were men whose personal character was fitted to produce a serious impression. Schomberg is highly spoken of by Defoe himself in the poem we have already quoted:—

'Schomberg, the ablest soldier of his age,
With great Nassau did in our cause engage.
We counted him an army in our aid;
Where he commanded no man was afraid.'

He had been during his long life a perfect example of the old Calvinistic rigour, and in the monarchical society of the seventeenth century he had preserved the noblest features of the great feudal chieftain. He had made a king of Portugal at the battle of Villaviciosa, and maintained a king of England at the battle of the Boyne. He had been twice stripped for his faith's sake of all that he possessed,—once in the midst of his

* The following poems, though now forgotten, likewise afford curious marks of the deep sympathy then felt with the cause of the French Protestant Refugees, and exhibit them in a stern and solemn attitude: 'The French Tyrant or the Royal Slave, a Poem containing the most Remarkable Occurrences of his Reign, with his Character, Maxims, his Dream of Hell, and Mazarin's Ghost. London, 1702;' 'Sion in Distress, or the Groans of the Protestant Church for many Years past. London, 1691.'

career by the Emperor, and once more, being past seventy years old, by the King of France. 'Yet,' says his biographer, 'exposed as he was to the wide world, he did not so much as complain; he did not exclaim against the ingratitude of a country which his valor had rendered both safe and glorious.' He was a man of unaffected and deep religious feeling, which came from his lips with beautiful simplicity. Before being made a marshal of France, he had been already one time offered the baton, but upon condition that he would embrace the Catholic faith. He answered the King, that 'if upon such low motives he abandoned the service of the God of his fathers, he should deserve the scorn of all men, and in particular of His Majesty; and he who was not true to God could never be faithful to his prince.' He was overtaken at sea, when leaving France, by a storm that lasted two days and two nights. 'There was no calm but in the Duke's looks, who, knowing whence the blow came, applied himself to divert it; he caused continual prayer in the ship to be made to Him who commands the waves.' One of his first proclamations to the army which he led in his last campaign of Ireland is to forbid 'the horrid and detestable crimes of profane cursing, swearing, and taking God's holy name in vain,' because he 'justly fears that their majesties' army may be more prejudiced by these sins than advantaged by the conduct and courage of those guilty of them.' The discipline he meant to institute would have, perhaps, suited the camp of Gustavus Adolphus better than his regiments of refugees; but the fact is, he had something of the spirit which had inspired the Swedish king with his chivalrous advocacy of the Protestant cause.

The Marquis of Ruigny, Earl of Galway, is scarce a less personage, notwithstanding the harsh strictures made upon him by Saint Simon and Swift, both of them partial judges. Swift calls Ruigny 'a deceitful, hypocritical, factious knave,—a damnable hypocrite of no religion;' but this is a mere ebullition of spleen, such as was common with Swift against a Whig opponent. The *Account of the Earl of Galway's Conduct in Spain and Portugal*, published by his officers in 1711, to which he has evidently put his own hand, gives a very different idea of him. This pamphlet was written on the occasion of the inquiry ordered by the Parliament into the conduct of the Earl of Peterborough, while he had been associated with Ruigny in the command of the English troops sent to Spain. One of Peterborough's apologists had suggested that the greatest fault was in the Ministry, for having invested 'an unfortunate foreigner with such a station.' Ru-

vigny's officers answer this doubly unfair reflection upon their general. As to his being a stranger, they call to mind his family connexion with the Russells, his father's and his own standing at the head of the French Protestants, and the services he had rendered to King William. As to his being unfortunate, they say that he had indeed lost his right arm at the siege of Badajos, his right eye at the battle of Almanza, and that on these two occasions he had the ill-fortune of seeing his enterprise miscarry through the fault of others; 'but history will do him the justice to acquaint posterity that the famous victory of Aghrim, which decided the last Irish war in favour of King William, was, next to the Divine blessing, owing to his Lordship's personal bravery.'

Ruigny was also remarkable for that calm stoicism with which the practice of the world imbues a lofty soul. He converses with a disdainful politeness about the changing judgments of men, 'having learned,' says he, 'both from his late ingenious friend, M. de Saint Evremont, and his own experience, that it is not much worth the trouble to dispute with their decisions, as one is often extolled to the sky for the very thing which has occasioned his disgrace.' He had been always most sincerely disinterested; he had relinquished a plentiful estate in France to follow the dictates of his conscience; he had bestowed the greatest part of the income he owed to William III. in charitable uses, 'inasmuch that upon the death of the late King he had scarce provided for himself a competency to live like a private gentleman in the country.' Then, indeed, he had retired 'to a small seat at Rookly, near Winchester, where he thought to have passed the remainder of a laborious life between his closet and his garden when he was fetched in one of the Queen's coaches to attend Her Majesty at Windsor;' and from thence sent to Spain and Portugal. This great change did not much mend his circumstances; 'but he thought himself sufficiently recompensed for all his labours and warlike toils, and the loss both of his right eye and arm, by the conscience of having used his utmost endeavors towards serving the King and the British nation,—a reward which his most inveterate enemies could not wrest from him.'

The stern figures which poetical fancy had lent to the French Protestants, the firm and steady character of the men who, like Ruigny and Schomberg, had been considered for a time as their representatives in England, were, however, soon to disappear from the popular imagination. The refugees, as a body, appear, indeed, in a very different light to the eyes of the English people, in proportion as they are removed from the

days of the Revocation. Strange substitutes have taken the place of the martyrs and confessors in the view of the public, if, at least, we are to judge from the pictures which must have been the most accredited at the moment of their appearance. To be fully acquainted with that curious change we need only accompany the spectator along the visits he pays to the old London Coffee-houses, on a day when the death of Louis XIV. had been rumoured:—‘I afterwards called in at Gile’s, where I saw a board of French gentlemen sitting upon the life and death of their grand monarque. Those among them who had espoused the Whig interest very positively affirmed that he departed his life above a week since, and proceeded without any farther delay to the release of their friends in the galleys and to their own establishment; but, finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended progress. Upon my arrival at Jennymans’, I saw an alert young fellow that cocked his hat upon a friend of his who entered just at the same time with myself, and accosted him after the following manner:—“Well, Jack, the old prig is dead at last. Sharp is the word; now or never boy! Up to the walls of Paris directly!” With several deep reflections of the same nature.’

These hot-headed and flippant-tongued gentlemen do not resemble the Marolles and the Lefebvres of old; they are already much nearer to the French Londoners whom, some twenty years later, Hogarth selected in his ‘Noon,’ as the fittest victims to his ultra British prejudices. Every one recollects the well-known print. The scene is laid at the door of a French chapel in Hog Lane: the service is over, and the congregation emerges slowly from the place of worship, much occupied in conversation. The most forward persons in that talkative company step out as if they danced instead of walking, and seem so unsubstantial and flighty, that the kite which has been blown from an adjacent field, and hangs on the roof of the chapel, may be deemed a symbolical likeness of the people below. We may trace some signs of this unfavourable view of the French colony in London to a period much less distant from our own than the satirical extravagances of Hogarth. An admirer of Hogarth, Charles Lamb, mentions in his ‘Essays’ that he had a friend of his youth, a Cambro-Briton, the last of the beaux or macaronies, ‘who was no less eloquent than his countryman Pennant in relation to old new London.’ He could especially afford ‘many a pleasant anecdote derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immor-

talised in his picture of “Noon,” the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country from the wrath of Louis XIV., and his dragoons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog Lane and the Seven Dials.’

The reason which brought down these satirical attacks upon the heads of the French denizens in London is plain enough, and one of no rare occurrence in any society. The less worthy among them always made the greatest noise, and London was the place where the noise echoed the loudest. It is not to be supposed that the emigration had been exclusively confined to devout and upright Protestants. There was, as in every assemblage of men, a mixture of good and bad. Most of them certainly had obeyed the earnest cry of their conscience, but others had followed, who yielded rather to the first burst of their indignation, or to the mere influence of example; others who wanted excitement more than repose; others who brought with them rather the general manners of their nation than the characteristic habits of their Church. In a sermon preached at the French chapel of the Savoy, on the death of Queen Mary, the minister, Jean Dubourdieu, spoke of that extraordinary contradiction at which he wondered in the conduct of ‘the profane refugees,’ unable to practice the religion for which they had been able to suffer.

Then adventurers came whose extravagance and malice contributed very much to give an unfavourable hue to the French colony, though the great body of it had no share in their misdeeds. From 1706 to 1708 a public scandal was raised in London by three Camisards*, who drove a sort of trade with their supposed gift of inspiration, and made public exhibitions of their prophetic spirit. The mania of prophesying had been one of the most active elements of the religious war in the Cevennes, and when the rebellion was abated, these three men who had happily escaped, and one of them, Elias Marion, had even, like Cavalier, obtained a regular capitulation from the royal commanders, were called to England. Whether they were partners in some pecuniary speculation upon public credulity, or instruments in one of the many plots which were then formed in England and Holland against the French government, or both together, is not easy to determine. But they were at first very successful in their mysterious business. Their novelty, their seeming ecstasies, their convulsions, brought

* It was the name under which the mountaineers of the Cevennes were commonly designated during the Rebellion. Different etymologies were already suggested for that word in the time of Cavalier.

people to see them as to a play. Coaches were frequently at their doors, they were sent for to rich houses, and for the blessings which they gave, offerings were tendered to them. They were even joined by a baronet, Sir Richard Bulkeley, and by several gentlemen of the bar, among whom was John Lacy, who vied with Marion in ridiculous audacity. Their prophetic warnings were written down as soon as uttered in the middle of their fits, and printed for the general edification. Many followed the same course, and in Bristol, Birmingham, Glasgow, as well as in London, English prophets and prophetesses entered into competition with the French. A vehement controversy arose upon the matter; pamphlets were published, sermons preached against 'the enthusiastic impostors.'

Their enthusiasm had indeed assumed a more dangerous form than ordinary delusions of religious fanaticism. Their ranting led to more practical conclusions than the declamations about Babylon and Antichrist. From general harangues against Babylon, they came in a little time to declaim against crowns and churches, against the tyranny of the priesthood and all subordination. Babylon and Antichrist were always artfully introduced upon the stage, and people were at liberty to believe that they meant Rome and her pope; but, in fact, by the help of these two words taken in a new sense, the prophets said whatever they pleased against the order of society, as 'Babylon and Antichrist were to be found everywhere.' After having railed at the ministers of the Established Church as much as they wanted 'to set the rabble at them,' they went on against the rich with their levelling principle, and here we have the old English saying repeated again after so many centuries:—

'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?'

The prophetic warnings of Marion are full of demagogical declamations against England and her laws, and under the transparent veil of the Eastern imagery, borrowed from the sacred language of the Hebrew prophets, he constantly threatens plunder, murder, and destruction: 'My child, I have something to tell thee: I am going to put an end and to release all the galley slaves of the earth; the chains are going to fall off within a few days; an universal liberty is coming into my house; there shall be no more slaves, no more labourers at the oar; there shall be an entire liberty. . . . I am going within a few days, I tell thee, to set this city on fire. . . . I will pull down these lofty crowns which are exalted up to heaven; I come to throw them down into hell.'

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At last this alarming appearance merged in the ludicrous, and Lacy having been rash enough to announce that he would raise a dead man from his grave on a certain day, his failure was the end of all. The French churches of London had passed a severe sentence upon the Camisards and their fraudulent or foolish fanaticism, 'both,' it was said, 'to prevent the reproach which those of the Romish communion might cast upon us, and to testify to the nation in whose bosom we have the happiness to live, that we have done what lay in our power to prevent this great scandal.' Many among the refugees, apprehending that the ill-omened predictions of their fanatical countrymen 'might bring all the nation into the displeasure of the English among whom they lived,' resolved to disturb their meetings, and by treating them with open contempt to show clearly their own abhorrence of such practices. But though they had been excommunicated by the French consistories, and driven out of their assemblies by French mobs, they were nevertheless constantly styled 'the French prophets,' and remained in the public memory with that denomination, the discredit of which could not but fall more or less upon the entire colony. French prophets were soon appropriate subjects for popular comic songs. Tom D'Urfe, born himself from parents who had left La Rochelle to fly to England, wrote a farce, the heroes of which were the modern prophets; and Swift did not forget them in the predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff, which had been composed 'to prevent the people of England from being farther imposed on by vulgar almanac-makers.'

Next to these enterprising wanderers there was also an unceasingly moving set of intriguers, conspirers, and secret political agents, such as the Marquis de Guiscard, who, to revenge the disappointment of his insane ambition, attempted to stab Mr. Harley at a sitting of the council where he was to be examined upon his suspected treason. He had never been a Protestant, and he carried on his plans of civil war in France rather upon feudal notions than according to the ideas of his own time. But he was among the French pensioned by the English Government; and we need only read the contemporary narratives of his crime, to see how eagerly the opportunity was seized for making his countrymen favoured with the same bounty appear in an invidious light.

Last of all, the refugees themselves injured their own cause by interfering too much in the politics of their new country, and not observing the neutrality becoming

settlers so recently naturalised. It was natural that they should take part with the Whigs against the Tories, when they saw the Tories rallying round the standard of Sacheverell, and plotting against the Protestant Succession, the best security of the refugees in England. But there were preachers in the French colony who proved as intemperate supporters of the right of revolutionary resistance as Dr. Sacheverell of the duty of passive obedience. In 1710, when new members were to be elected for Westminster,—in 1712, when the Duke of Marlborough was definitively dismissed from the Queen's favour, many of them did not conceal their bitter opposition to the Court. Moreover they quarrelled much among themselves upon the matter, as some did not approve of so much party spirit. The contest was kept up for years in a flow of libels, the French authors of which did not abstain from ridiculing one another. There we find pictures which look much like the portraits drawn by Addison and Hogarth, with such descriptions of club and coffee-house life that they seem to spend their whole time in places of public resort and amusement. We cannot help deriving the same impression from another contest which raged still later between the French Protestant consistories in London and 'the poor French converts of the Church of Rome being in holy orders.' After a long struggle the priests and monks who had passed from the Catholic to the Anglican Church had been admitted to partake of the royal bounty distributed since 1687 to the refugees. They were excluded in 1729, upon a representation to the Crown 'that many worthless and immoral persons came from France on purpose to have their share of the money.' This money was under the care of a French lay committee, the members of which were constantly exposed to the attacks of every one who deemed himself injured in the distribution of the fund. Such imputations must not be lightly credited; but they might at the time derive some countenance from books published by Malard or Dennis in 1720 and 1722, with titles such as this:—'The spirit of the French Refugees manifested, . . . wherein is set forth the insolence and ingratitude of the French Refugees towards the English, their benefactors; their domineering spirit and wickedness towards the unhappy converts their countrymen; their fanatical discipline; their open endeavours to obstruct the glory of God, to engross to themselves his spiritual and universal kingdom, &c.'

Nothing, however, would be more unfair than to judge the whole of the French Pro-

testant settlement in England from these few examples of eccentric conduct. The common life of the great majority was less conspicuous and more regular. It was only by steadily applying to the daily duties of their respective callings, that they were enabled to improve their circumstances, and to rise superior to popular prejudice. Many of the French Refugees made good fortunes in trade, and became the founders of families which still subsist among us. We subjoin an interesting description of the earnest and amiable character which was attributed in the middle of the last century, to the French Protestants of Ireland by a credible witness, Philip Skelton, the rector of Fintona. He was born and bred in the vicinity of the French colony of Lisburn. When new cruelties practised in 1671, by the Comte de Saint Priest, upon the Protestants of Languedoc, drove a fresh supply of refugees to Ireland, he tried to conciliate public sympathy in their favour, by writing an eulogistic account of the former settlers.

'I can boldly appeal,' says Skelton, 'to the experience of every one who knows them, whether, in point of private or civil and social virtue, they have not all along so behaved themselves as to deserve our love, our esteem and confidence. As to their private virtues, are they not sober, modest, industrious, and honest? Let us recollect how few instances since the last revolution, of vile or profligate persons have been found among them throughout the nation. They do not profane God's name or his sabbath, they do not drink, debauch or game; they do not quarrel or break the peace like other men; they never meddle with other people's affairs, but when they are called, and then they show themselves to be the men of integrity and humanity. They do not overbear nor affect parade like their popish countrymen, but confine themselves to their own business, which, in the midst of a truly Christian simplicity of manners, they pursue with admirable address and skill to the great advantage not only of themselves, but of the nation in general. The management of their gardens, houses, and tables affords us an useful example of neatness and good economy, and teaches us to live better than we otherwise could have done and at less expense. Their natural complaisance may help to polish our too great plainness, and that perpetual vivacity for which they are remarkable, may serve to temper the gloomy or melancholy turn of mind we complain so much of in ourselves.'

If from this general representation of the manners of the French Protestants in their adoptive country, we pass to their

private annals, we find a gentleness and composure of domestic life, such, for instance, as appears in the Memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly. The touching pages which Romilly in the narrative of his early years, has dedicated to the remembrance of his father's small house at Marylebone; the recollections of the familiar and affectionate society gathered round the fire in the little parlour, the walls of which were adorned with beautiful prints from the pictures of Claude, Caracci, Raphael, and Correggio; all these are vivid sketches of a set of men whom the peculiarity of their situation had marked with distinctive features. They had preserved the lively temper and elegant tastes of their original race, but acquired more sedate habits, more inclination to domestic enjoyments, a more serious sense of human life, than the majority of their former countrymen, for which they were indebted both to their previous condition in France and to the examples they had met abroad. Thus the following epitaph, though inscribed on a tombstone in the French church of Norwich, and consecrated to the son of one who had been among the original refugees, breathes a purely English spirit:—

'1784, August 30th, Paul Colombine, Esq., aged 85, descended from an ancient family in the province of Dauphiny in France. . . . By temperance, industry, and moderation, through a long and blameless life, he had merited and obtained the best and sweetest of human blessings, health, competence, and content.'

The French congregations were thus insensibly absorbed in the English community, and the French mind was by degrees divested of its most characteristic national marks. In a sermon pronounced on the 3rd January, 1782, by Jacob Bourdillon, who had been fifty years a minister of a French church in London, we see the old preacher lamenting over the progressive extinction of the French flock and of the French language. Many years before, in 1735, the same regrets were already expressed by M. César de Missy in the French church of the Patent, on the fast day instituted for the anniversary of the Revocation. 'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept' was the regular text of the annual sermon delivered on that occasion. It is curious to observe the perplexity of the preacher, bound to the traditional subject of the solemnity, when the feelings of the congregation have undergone so great a change. It is his official duty to cause his hearers to weep at the remembrance of Sion; but it is evident that they are no longer disposed to take France for Sion and England for Babylon. M. de Missy

himself is so afraid of falling into any exaggeration, that he draws the most attractive pictures of the land of captivity, to which he ought to apply the gloomy lamentation of the psalmist; and when he comes to the terrible hope of revenge, the energetic expression of which doubtless accorded well with the feelings of the first refugees:— 'O daughter of Babylon, happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones!'—the good M. de Missy feels quite uneasy. He softens his text by mild interpretations, and the children of Edom are spared their allotted punishment.

The descendants of the refugees had in fact forgiven the injuries inflicted on their fathers: it was only a kind of melancholy pleasure for them to preserve, in the hospitable lands where they had been received, a faithful recollection of the country which had expelled them. By degrees, they renounced those instinctive ties which had maintained a secret attachment in their hearts for their original country. In England, in Holland, in Germany they had changed their native family names by translating them into the language of their true countrymen. They had cast off all the signs which could have reminded them of their descent; and when the ambition of Napoleon threatened again to subjugate all Europe, they were foremost, especially in Prussia, in showing their aversion to the French conqueror and the French conquest. Philip Skelton, whom we have already quoted, had, indeed, beautifully foretold the side they would join in such a contest. He replied to some English who suspected the fidelity of the refugees to England, on account of the affection they seemed to entertain for their former country,—'Let them love France in their hearts; we see they love these nations in their consciences, and the whole world knows their consciences have the entire ascendant over their hearts.'

We have dwelt upon the particulars of the French emigration in England, because they are matters of a more direct concern to us; but we do not intend to follow the refugees into all the countries where they found an asylum. Their settlement in Brandenburg having been managed by administrative measures, does not present the moving and varied aspect of the English colony. Switzerland, though much benefited by their dispersion, was perhaps more a thoroughfare and a place of meeting for most of them, than a place of abode where they could obtain much influence as a body. But the figure which the refugees make in Holland is so characteristic, and they were watched there and depicted with so much accuracy

by a contemporary observer, that we cannot miss the opportunity of completing our outline of the exiled population with the information supplied by such a witness as Saurin. For the history of the most celebrated persons who fled to Holland in the first days of the emigration, we must refer to the excellent chapters of M. Sayous upon Bayle and Jurieu. But warned by M. Sayous himself, we shall go at once to Saurin, for the general condition of the refugees in Holland, which is more our especial object. We regret that M. Weiss has not availed himself of the useful hint thrown out by M. Sayous about the importance of Saurin's sermons for the knowledge of the French society in Holland, and we will endeavour to make some amends for his omission.

Saurin says of one of his sermons, (and he might have said the same of many more) that he intended it to apply to his hearers; that it was the result of a continual observation of their habits and propensities for the twenty years he had dwelt among them; and with the bold spirit which rendered him so powerful a preacher, he exclaims: 'Do not suppose that any one of you who attend here, will frighten me by saying I have meant *his* house, *his* circle, *his* mode of life; for I grant him he is right, and the greater the scandal he creates, the more urgent is my duty to defend his brethren against the ill effect of his example.'

We have, therefore, a gallery of contemporary portraits in the sermons of Saurin; and some of them so plainly marked, that his hearers sometimes started at the unpleasant likeness. These sermons were for many years the whole of the preacher's life; they were of great moment in his daily intercourse with his congregation, a constant matter of discussion nearly as much as of edification. Preaching obtained a larger space in the public worship of the Reformed Churches, in proportion as they departed farther from the ritual liturgy and ceremonial service of the Catholic ages. It had, moreover, a peculiar importance for a congregation of exiles, who, during many years, could only feel their national and social feelings revived when they were gathered around a native pulpit in a foreign country. Saurin himself expostulates in one place with his hearers for minding nothing but the sermons at church, and for not sustaining their attention or observing a proper behaviour while the prayers, the ten commandments, and the lessons were read.* A complete perusal of his once attractive sermons would be a heavy task for our days, but still it is not difficult to understand why they were regarded with so deep an interest in

his time when we see how closely they bore upon the contemporary feelings and circumstances.

Jacques Saurin was born at Nîmes in 1677, and educated at Geneva, whither his family had been driven by the Revocation. At the age of seventeen years he had left the academy for the regiment of the Earl of Galway; but after a campaign in which he distinguished himself and got promoted for a brilliant achievement, the young cornet returned to his former studies, and entered the church. He then went to England, was appointed one of the ministers of the Walloon congregation in London, and there he married. In 1705 he passed from London to the Hague, where having been invested with an extraordinary situation as *ministre des nobles*, he remained till his death in 1730, and spent these twenty-five years in the constant discharge of his pastoral duties.*

This was a time very different from the previous period of the French emigration. The excitement caused by the sceptical criticisms of Bayle, and by the tempestuous domination of Jerieu had nearly subsided. Bayle died in 1706. Jerieu's last years† faded away in a sort of discredit. On the other hand, the great theological dispute which had divided the Calvinist body during the whole of the seventeenth century, about the certainty of grace and the means of salvation, was at an end, even in this very country where its violence had been greatest. The general progress of rational philosophy had weakened the sway which the fundamental argument of the Calvinistic doctrine exercised over the conscience. The hard principle of a predestined damnation and an indefensible justification had been assuaged or eluded even by the divines who still professed to support it, and the primitive rigour of the doctrine was, in one way or other, concealed or excused. The Arminians, or such as advocated similar notions of man's merit and liberty in his relation to God, had been admitted to a standing of perfect equality with the orthodox communion, and the spirit of toleration had turned the canons fulminated at Dort against them into a dead letter. There was no longer any warlike sound, like that of the battles fought by Jurieu, either for the Gomarists and the strict observance of orthodox Calvinism, or against Bayle and the free thinkers, all, as he thought, embodied in his personal enemy.

Meantime, in Holland as well as in England, the refugees were forgetting their regret for their native country, and were losing their ardour for revenge. They enjoyed the

* Sermons, vol. vi. p. 197.

* Sermons, vol. vii. p. 75.

† He died in 1718.

declining prospects of the great reign, and the misfortunes of the great king, with the bitter satisfaction of old sufferers to whom justice has at last been done; but little now remained of the anxiety with which, before the peace of Ryswick, they looked out for a favourable turn in their affairs; and when the peace of Utrecht was concluded without any condition for their reinstatement, they became every day more accustomed to think of France as of a foreign country. The thirty years included between the Revocation and the death of Louis XIV. had brought forth a fresh set of men for whom Holland was less a land of exile than of hospitality; for many, the land of their birth. They had entered into closer connexion with Dutch affairs and habits; they could not, however, but preserve much of their original nature, and being no longer under the pressure of the harsh circumstances which had altered the French character in the French Protestants, they returned insensibly to some of their national tendencies.

Such was the generation which Saurin addressed, and its characteristics are stamped in his sermons. The impoverished fugitives have become wealthy merchants and citizens. The first calamities of their exodus are no longer mentioned, except as proud reminiscences of obstacles overcome through the assistance of God, or as grounds of reproach against their Protestant brethren who did not dare to partake of their glorious trials. The wonderful opulence of Holland; the large share in it which had fallen to the lot of the refugees; the benefit of living under the rule of law, instead of bearing an arbitrary yoke; the peculiarities of the mutual intercourse between the two nations,—these are the subjects upon which Saurin often expatiates. His congregation was never exclusively French; people of both races were sitting together under his pulpit, and he took every opportunity of making them acceptable to each other. He expressed the gratitude of the French to the Dutch; the latter he cautioned against being too much offended by the difference between the French character and theirs; the former, against any remissness in the fulfilment of their public duties towards their adopted country.

We know no clearer and more intelligent testimony borne to the material progress of the French refugees abroad than that furnished by Saurin's allusions. But with the progress of material well being and security, the private and the public life of this second generation of confessors had been already changed for the worse. Saurin warns them at every page of his sermons against the

fatal consequences of their relaxed discipline and virtue; and, though he was a severe censor of his contemporaries, it is not less curious to see how the Calvinistic morals, even in the sanctuary of exile, had departed from the puritanic ideal of Geneva. This ideal, indeed, Saurin would have established in Holland, had it not been an impossible attempt to force the sumptuary laws and monastic regimen of Geneva upon that great mercantile community, upon an emporium open to the cupidity and appetites of all the world.

In the midst of their luxuries, however, many of his flock devoted themselves to the study of the casuists and controversialists of their own church; a study from which they derived much comfort, since doctors of the most extreme Calvinistic orthodoxy had devised sure means of securing tranquillity to the conscience without rendering either the principles of belief less rigid or the paths of life more rough. The fundamental principle of the Gomarist school was the impossibility of losing the justification once granted to the elect, and of being justified otherwise than by the predeterminate election of God. The refined logic of certain doctors upon this principle was that, grace being irresistible, there was no risk to run by resisting; but, on the contrary, the greater the resistance to the gifts of God, the more abundantly would God impart his gifts; that grace being a gratuitous mercy, no condition was required for enjoying the mercy of God, the merits of Christ being so effectual as to dispense the Christian from the necessity of any exertion. Such subtleties Saurin encountered with the straight rectitude of his sound sense and sound heart. He professed himself a faithful adherent to the Genevese communion, an adversary of the Lutherans and Arminians; he would not hear of any alteration in the orthodox faith, but he would not evade its hardest consequences by metaphysical refinements. The most beautiful sermons of Saurin are those in which he considers these awful difficulties of the Calvinistic faith, and refusing to alleviate them by any approach to some less absolute doctrine about predestination, he takes his refuge against his own and his hearers' perplexity in the humble adoration of the divine profundity:—'How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!' This is the text upon which he preaches with the greatest eloquence, because it is the most comforting thought to his soul. And what was the practical conclusion which he derived from having so candidly acknowledged 'the depth of God's wisdom,' and the unfitness of 'the thing formed saying to Him

that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?' It was a precept of mutual forbearance and charitable toleration.

The uncharitable, intolerant Christians he often censures, as if he had a sad presentiment of the troubles which were to disturb the end of his life. Sectarian intolerance was no longer in Holland the violent passion it had been there in the previous century; but much of it remained as a fit aliment to the habits of slander and the petty jealousies which infested the small circle of the French colony. Preachers had to undergo the strictures of their flocks or of their professional rivals. Saurin, notwithstanding his well-intentioned zeal, was the victim of that sort of provincial malice, which he felt, perhaps, more keenly than it was worth. Many of his brother clergymen decried the distinguished urbanity of his manners as more becoming a man of the world than a churchman. On the other hand, his thorough acquaintance with mankind had, perhaps, given too sharp an edge to his moral criticisms; and the personal animadversions with which he interspersed his sermons were not likely to secure him the easy popularity of an inoffensive teacher. A series of letters, *Upon the State of Christianity in France*, some passages of which were thought too severe, were the last work of Saurin, and the cause of many attacks against him. His adversaries searched his former books for censurable passages, and succeeded in finding a few words to which exception might be taken in the folios he had written upon the Bible. He was condemned by two successive synods, and died a short time afterwards of grief and vexation.

His last work, which was never finished, had been begun for a special purpose. He had intended to make an earnest appeal to the Protestants who had remained in France, and to press upon them the duty of leaving a country where they were denied their most sacred rights. He did not live long enough to go to the full length of his scheme; but the idea which he pursued with his last efforts, was one which he had entertained during the whole of his pastoral career. He constantly threw the most decided blame upon those of his brethren who, pretending that they continued faithful in their hearts to their creed, still preferred submitting at home to the daily practices of apostacy, rather than securing the peace and liberty of their consciences by settling abroad. In many sermons of Saurin we see the men of that description urged with a pathetic solicitude to choose a better path, or taunted with the utmost severity for their low-spirited procrastination. He calls them temporisers; he compares them to Nicodemus, who only

dared to go to Jesus by night. The unhappy converts had, in fact, always preserved some relics of their former worship, which they concealed under the enforced observances of their new church. Some even contrived to repair to the French colonies in the Protestant countries for a short visit, and there to take, or, as Saurin says, to extort the sacrament, being not the less resolved to return immediately afterwards to their abode of servitude. Saurin condemned this cautious lukewarmness, and disapproved these circuitous methods, by which their integrity could not but be seriously endangered. He did not even consent to supply these timid brethren with the pious directions which they begged from him. He answered, that he would not have them believe that they adequately performed their religious duties, when they concealed their religious profession. He was, in short, a great promoter of emigration for principle's sake; he considered it as the last resource of a defeated cause and of a sincere conscience against thorough-going oppression. His favourite text was taken from the mystic words of the Apocalypse, which he turned into a rule of practical conduct,—'Come out of Babylon, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.'

We would not undertake to support the argument of Saurin to its full extent, and to condemn the great majority of the Protestants who remained in France under the conditions which Saurin considered so opprobrious. In fact, had all the French Protestants abandoned their country in answer to his appeal, Protestantism would have been extinguished by the very consistency of its adherents, in a land where, after a time, it was re-established. But these are questions which must be left to the decision of each man's conscience. Only let no man imagine himself called upon to stifle that sacred voice within under the pretence of better working out the mysterious designs of Providence. We are the more lenient towards the temporisers and Nicodemites against whom Saurin inveighed so loudly, as we know that they did not reason upon that slippery principle which has been of late years introduced into the world and has, indeed, become a commonplace among the nations afflicted with frequent revolutionary visitations. Had the temporisers of the seventeenth century lived in the nineteenth, it is probable that they would have uttered the same sublime cant with which many a man on the Continent has greeted every recent revolution; they would have proclaimed that they belonged to their country before all; that they ought to reserve themselves for its service; that though they did not approve of forcing the conscience, yet

their consciences would not be perverted by an outward compliance with the oppressors, and they would reserve themselves for a better epoch; that they would be better fitted for liberty after having had a long experience of bondage; that in the majority there was a divine sign, and the voice of the people could not be but the voice of God. We cannot conceal that we prefer the candor of the old generation of Frenchmen, in spite of the rebukes of Saurin. They confessed

their weakness, and did not dogmatise upon it for their glorification. They acknowledged the demoralising power of the material bonds which bound them to a country to which they were no longer attached by any moral ties; they did not boast of their chains. And besides, many among them went to pay their homage to the true faith in those *churches of the desert*; which for many a long year, nobody attended but at the risk of his liberty and his life.

RELEASE.

I.

AWAY!—No more the sport of scorn,
My vassal love shall serve the Past.
The bonded Athlete, blind and shorn,
Hath pull'd the darkness down at last!

II.

The gilded wire he once would spurn
The bird shall seek; the slave, once free,
To keep the bonds he burst shall turn;
Ere I return, weak heart, to thee.

III.

I gave thee up my life in thrall.
God wot, it was no silken thread!
Thy pride would make the gyves to gall;
And it has made them break instead.

IV.

Thy smiles might make me smile again;
Thy frowns in me no frown can move;
Thine art is less than my disdain;
Thy scorn is weak, as was my love.

V.

Out of the long lethargic trance
Of tears I wake with sudden strength.
My heart is cold beneath thy glance:
And pain hath grown to power at length.

VI.

The sun *must* shine: the months *will* bring
Fresh flowers. New heat my fancy warms.
Young hopes cry out, like birds that sing
Against the wake of thunderstorms.

VII.

A light through tears! new forms, new powers
Arise: new life my spirit fills;
As down dark skirts of drifting showers
The wild light reels among the hills.

VIII.

Where leaves are sear new buds may start:
Spring flowers may blow from winter frost:
But never to the selfish heart
Returns the empero pride hath lost.

IX.

There's but a moment 'twixt the Past
And all the Future. Now I see
That mystic moment's o'er at last;
And I am far away from thee.

TOO LATE.

I.

AND we have met, O love, at last!
Thy cheek is wan with wild regret;
The bloom of life is half-way past;
But we have met!—yes, we have met!

II.

My heart was wak'd beneath thy kiss
From dreams which seem to haunt it yet:
But I am I—thou, thou—and this
Is waking truth—and we have met!

III.

Ah, though 'tis late, there may remain
Before the grave—oh yet, even yet—
Some quiet hours; and, free from pain,
Some happy days, now we have met.

IV.

Thine arms! thine arms!—one long embrace!
Ah, what is this? thine eyes are wet—
Thy hand—it waves me from the place—
Ah fool!—O love, too late we met!

V.

Couldst thou not wait?—what hast thou done?
Another's rights are sharply set
'Twixt thee and me. I come—mine own
Receives me not. In vain we met.

VI.

Farewell! be happy. I forgive.
Yet what remains for both? Forget
That we did ever meet; and live
As tho' our meeting were not yet,

VII.

But later. We shall meet once more,
When eyes grown dim with care and fret
No longer weep; when life is o'er,
And earth and heaven in God are met.

Blackwood's Magazine.

APRIL.

'SWEET is the sunshine after showers,'—
'Tis somewhat old the strain,
And sounds like mockery, too, to flowers
That do not bloom again.

For some, when once the hail-storm keen
Comes pelting on the bed,
Though kindly nursed, are never seen
To raise their batter'd head.

And some proportion to the hail
Methinks the sun must keep,
Or smiles, at last, begin to fall,
In eyes that always weep.

Sunshine and showers are sweet in youth,
At least, so poets say;
But jaded souls, care-cold, in sooth,
Affect a steadier ray.

For, ah! the warmth of soul that dries
The sadder showers that fall,
And brightens up the tear-dimm'd eyes,
Has vanish'd past recall.

And yet, in spite of all we learn
In life's soul-grinding schools,
(God help us!—*man* is somewhat stern,)
We still are April fools.

For still we hope, 'mid morning's showers
A pleasant afternoon,
And dream, 'mid frosts, of May's warm flowers,
And evening walks in June.

Fraser's Magazine.

OH! PANTALOONS OF CHERRY.

Dedicated without permission to the EARL OF CARDIGAN.

Oh, pantaloons of cherry!
Oh, redder than raspberry!
For men to fight in things so tight
It must be trying—very.

'Gainst wear, though fine the weather,
They would not hold together,
On saddle-back they'd fly and crack,
Though seated with black leather.

Oh, welcome declaration!
That timely reformation
The soldiers brave from galls will save
Without that decoration.

In overalls more spacious,
If crimson, still capacious,
The bold Hussar will rush to war.
LORD CARDIGAN is gracious!

Eleventh!—gallant fellows—
In cherries, blues, and yellows
More amply made, with sharpened blade,
Go where BELLONA bellows.

And though with colours glaring,
Your uniform be flaring,
You'll be no less than by your dress
Conspicuous for your daring.—*Punch.*

The dark dull solitude of night
Was smiling into rosy morn,
And many a pearl of glittering light
Was gather'd on the prickly thorn;
The little birds in every tree
Were singing sweetly loud and clear,
As if they sang, in notes of glee,
"Thanks be to God, who brought us here."

Beneath the oak-tree, robed in green,
The modest harebell drooping grows;
And o'er that aged trunk is seen
The blushes of the briar rose;
But flowers have a gentle speech,
Though never heard by man's dull ear,
For in their loveliness they teach,
"Thanks be to God, who brought us here."
Ladies' Companion.

PART THE LAST.—CHAPTER XXXI.

COURAGE, Menie Laurie! Heaven does not send this breeze upon your cheek for nought—does not raise about you these glorious limits of hill and cloud in vain. Look through the distance—look steadily. Yes, it is the white gable of Crofthill looking down upon the countryside. Well, never veil your eyes—are you not at peace with them as with all the world?

Little Jessie here wearies where you have left her waiting, and trembles to move a finger lest she spoil the mysterious picture at which she glances furtively with awe and wonder. "The lady just looks at me," says little Jessie; "no a thing mair. Just looks, and puts it a' doun like writing on a slate." And Jessie cannot understand the magic which by-and-by brings out her own little bright sun-burnt face, from that dull canvass which had not a line upon it when Jessie saw it first.

Come to your work Menie Laurie; they make your heart faint these wistful looks and sighs.

No one doubts it is very heavy—very heavy—this poor heart; no one doubts it is full of yearnings—full of anxious thought and fears, and solitude. What then?—must we leave it to brood upon its trouble? Come to little Jessie here, and her picture—find out the very soul in these surprised sweet eyes—paint the loveliest little heart upon your canvas, fresh and fair out of the hands of God—such a face as will warm cold hearts, and teach them histories of joyous sacrifice—of love that knows no evil—of life that remembers self last and least of all. You said it first in bitterness and sore distress; but, nevertheless, it is true. You can do it, Menie, it is "the trade" to which you were born.

And with a long sigh of weariness Menie comes back. No, it is not a very fine picture; the execution is a woman's execution, very likely no great thing in the way your critics judge; but no one can see how very like it is, looking at these little simple features—one

could see it was still more like, looking in to the child's sweet generous heart.

"What were you crying for this morning, Jessie?"

A cloud came over the little face—a mighty inclination to cry again; but Jessie glanced at the picture once more, and swallowed down her grief, feeling herself a very guilty Jessie, as one great blob of a tear fell upon her arm.

"It wasna little Davie's blame—it was a' me." Poor little culprit, she dares not hang her head for terror of that picture. "He was paidling in the burn—and his new peeny ga'e a great screed, catching on the auld saughtree; but it wasna his blame—he's owre wee—it was a' mine for no looking after him. Just, I was awfu' busy; but that's nae excuse—and my mother ga'e Davie his licks, for a' I could say."

Another great tear; no one knows so well what an imp this said little Davie is—but Jessie sighs again. "It was a' me."

But it is not this little cloud of childish trouble that throws a something of pensive sadness into Jessie's pictured face. The face is the face before you; but the atmosphere, Menie Laurie, is in your own heart. Something sad—touched with that sweet pathos which lies on the surface of all great depths—and this true picture grows under Menie's hand to a heroic child.

It is a strange place for an artist to be. From this dark raftered threatening roof which catches your first glance, you look down to the mother by the fire with her unpretending look of gentlewoman—to the daughter's graceful head bending over her work—to pretty little Jessie here with her flutter of extreme stillness, looking at the grey walls and sober thatch without. You would never think to surprise such a group within; and yet, when you look at them again, there is something of nobleness in the primitive cottage where these women have come to live independent and unpitied—come down in the world—very true; but it would be hard to presume upon the tenants of this way-side house.

You need not fear to enter, little July. Half-weeping, blushing, trembling, and with all these beseeching deprecations of yours, you may come in boldly at this narrow entrance. "It is no blame of hers, poor bairn," Mrs. Laurie says, with a little sigh. No blame of hers nor of Randall's either, for Menie has kept her secret religiously, and will never tell to mortal ear what broke her engagement. Nelly Panton knows it, it is true; but Nelly, with the obtuse comprehension of a mercenary mind, thinks Randall broke off the match in consequence of Mrs. Laurie's poverty, and knows of no more delicate difficulties behind. Come in boldly, July Home—for no manner of interpretation could disclose to you the sudden pang which seizes Menie as she bends her head down for an instant, when she discovers you at the door. Now she says nothing, as she holds out her hand; but Menie is busy; it is only her left hand she extends to her friend; that is why she does not speak.

"I'm not to come out again," whispers July, sitting back into Mrs. Laurie's shadow,

and speaking under her breath. "I came here the very last place—and oh, Menie, will you come?"

The colour mounts high to Menie's temples; this means, will she come to July's marriage, which is to happen a week hence. Will she be there? Some one else will be there, the thought of whose coming makes Menie's heart beat strong and loud against her breast. But Menie only shakes her head in reply—shakes her head and says steadily, "No."

"You might come, for me. I never had a friend but you, and you've aye been good to me. Mrs. Laurie, she might come?"

But Mrs. Laurie too, after quite a different fashion, shakes her head with a look of regret—of only partial comprehension, but unmistakable solicitude. "No," she says, doubtfully; "I do not see how Menie could go;" but, as she speaks, she looks at Menie, with an eager wish that she would.

Courage, Menie Laurie! If your hand falters, they will see it; if a single tear of all this unshed agony bursts forth, your mother's heart will be overwhelmed with pain and wonder—your little friend's with dismay. This is best—to look at the child and go on—though little Jessie has much ado to keep from weeping when she meets, with her startled face, the great gloom and darkness of Menie's eye.

"This is from Menie and me," said Mrs. Laurie, taking out a pretty ring. "You are to wear it for our sake, July. Menie, can you put it on?"

Yes—Menie takes the little trembling hand within her own, and fits her mother's present to a slender finger—and no one knows how Menie presses her own delicate ancle under her chair, to keep herself steady by the pain. "You must try to be very happy, July," says Menie, with a faint smile, holding the hand a moment in her own; then she lets it drop, and turns to her work once more.

What can July do but cry? She does cry, poor little trembling heart, very abundantly, and would fain whisper a hundred hesitations and terrors into Menie's ear. But there is nothing of encouragement in Menie's face—so steady and grave, and calm as it looks. The little bride does not dare to pour forth her innocent confidences—but only whispers again, "I never had another friend but you, and you were aye so good to me;" and weeps a flood of half-joyful, half-despairing tears, out of her very heart.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"No one can doubt that Randall is unhappy; but Randall is not a humble man, Mrs. Laurie; he will not woo and plead and supplicate, I am afraid; he will honour only those who honour him, and never obtrude his love where he thinks there is no response. You know them both—could anything be done?"

Alas! good Johnnie Lithgow, we are all proud. This is not the wisest line of attack, in the circumstances. Mrs. Laurie sits gravely by the fireside to listen. Mrs. Laurie was Mrs.

Laurie before Randall Home was born. It is wonderful how she recollects this; and, recollecting, it is not difficult to see which of the two, in the opinion of Menie's mother, has the best right to stand on their dignity.

"I cannot advise," said Mrs. Laurie somewhat coldly. "Menie has made no explanation to me. Mr. Home has not addressed me at all on the subject. I am sorry I cannot suggest anything—especially when I have to take into consideration the lofty ideas of your friend."

It was a little bitter this. Lithgow felt himself chilled by it, and she saw it herself immediately; but Mrs. Laurie said no word of atonement, till a sudden recollection of Menie's strangely altered and sobered fate broke upon her. Her countenance changed—her voice softened.

"I would be glad to do anything," she said, with a slight faltering. "To make Menie happy, I could accept any sacrifice. I will see—I will try. No," she continued, after a considerable pause, "I was right after all—your friend is what you call him. My Menie has a very high spirit, and in this matter is not to be controlled by me. They must be left to themselves—it is the wisest way."

Lithgow made no answer. Mrs. Laurie sank into silence and thought. As they sat opposite to each other by the little fireplace, the young man's eye wandered over the room. His own birthplace and home was such another cottage as this; and Lithgow's mother, with her homely gown and check apron—her constant occupation about the house—her peasant tastes and looks and habits, was suitable and homogeneous to the earthen floor and rude hearth of the cottars' only room. But very strangely out of place was Menie's easel—Menie's desk—Mrs. Laurie's delicate basket of work—her easy-chair and covered table; strangely out of place, but not ungracefully—bearing, wherever they might be, a natural seemliness and fitness of their own. And if a rapid cloud of offence—a vapour of pride and resentment, might glide over Mrs. Laurie's brow, it was never shaded by so much as a momentary shame. As undisturbed in her household dignity as at her most prosperous time, she received her visitor in the cot-house, nor ever dreamt she had cause to be ashamed of such an evidence of her diminished fortunes.

But Lithgow's thoughts were full of Randall; he was not willing to give up his attempt to reconcile them. "Randall is working very hard," said his generous fellow-craftsman. "I think his second success will lift him above all thought of hazard. He does his genius wrong by such unnecessary caution; he could not produce a commonplace thing if he would."

"And you, Mr. Lithgow?"—Mrs. Laurie's heart warmed to him, plebeian though he was.

"I do my day's work," said the young man, happily, "thanking God that it is very sufficient for the needs of the day; but between Randall and myself there is no comparison. I deal with common topics, common manners, common events, like any other labouring man. But Randall is an artist of the loftiest class. What

he does is for generations to come, no less than for to-day."

This enthusiasm threw a flush upon his face. As it receded, gradually fading from his forehead, a quick footstep went away from the cottage threshold. Menie Laurie had paused to listen whose the voice was before she entered, and, pausing, had heard all he had to say.

The happy golden purple of the sunset has melted from Criffel and his brother hills; but there is a pale light about all the east, whither Menie Laurie's face is turned as she leaves the cottage door. From her rapid step, you would fancy she was going somewhere. Where will she go? Nowhither, poor heart—only into the night a little—into the silence. It would not be possible to sit still in that noiseless house, by that lonely fireside, with such a tumult and commotion in this loud throbbing heart—forcing up its rapid cadence into the ears that thrill with sympathetic pulses—leaping to the very lips that grow so parched and faint. Oh! for the din of streets, of storms, the violence of crowds and noise of life—anything to drown this greater violence, these strong perpetual throbs that beat upon the brain like hailstones—anything to deaden this

But all the air remains so still—so still; not a sound upon the silent road but the heart and the footsteps, so rapid and irregular, which keep each other time. But by-and-by, as Menie goes upon her aimless way, another sound does break the silence—voices in the air—the sound of wheels and of a horse's feet. Listen, Menie—voices in the air!

But Menie will not listen—does not believe there are voices in the world which could wake her interest now—and so, unconsciously looks up as this vehicle dashes past—looks up, to receive—what? The haughty salutation—uncovered brow and bending head, of Randall Home.

She would fain have caught at the hedge for a support; but he might look back and see her, and Menie hurried on. She had seen him; they had looked again into each other's eyes. "I never said I was indifferent," sobbed Menie to herself, and, in spite of herself, her voice took a shriller tone of passion—her tears came upon her in an agony. "I never said I was indifferent; it would have been a lie."

Hush!—be calm. It is safe to sit down by the roadside on this turf which is unsullied by the dust of these passing wheels;—safe to sit down and let the flood have vent once and never more. And the soft whispering air comes stealing about Menie, with all its balmy gentle touches, like a troop of fairy comforters, and the darkness comes down with gracious speed to hide her as she crouches, with her head upon her hands overcome and mastered;—once, and never more.

Now it is night. Yonder the lights are glimmering faintly in the cottage windows of the Brigend. Far away above the rest, shines a little speck of light from the high window of Burnside, where once was Menie Laurie's chamber—her land of meditation, her sanctuary of dreams. The wind rustles among the firs—the ash trees hold up their bare white arms towards the

heavens, waiting till this sweet star, lingering at the entrance of their arch, shall lead her followers through, like children in their dance. And—hush!—suddenly, like a bird new awakened, the burn throws out its voice upon the air, something sad. The passion is overpast. Look up, Menie Laurie; you are not among strangers. The hills and the heavens stretch out arms to embrace you; the calm of this great night, God's minister, comes to your heart. Other thoughts—and noble ones—stretch out helping hands to you like angels. Rise up; many a hope remains in the world, though this one be gone for ever.

And Menie, rising, returns upon her way—away from Burnside, her old beloved home, and, going, questions with herself if aught is changed since she made the bitter and painful decision which in her heart she thought it right to make. Nothing is changed—the severance has been made—the shock is over. At first we knew it would be very hard; at first we thought of nothing but despair. We never took into our calculation the off-returning memories—the stubborn love, that will not be slain at a blow; and this it is that has mastered mind and heart and resolution now.

There is no one else upon the road. The night, and the hills, and Menie Laurie, look up through the silence to heaven—and no one knows the conflict that is waging—none is here with human voice or hand to help the struggle. Fought and won—lie still in her religious breast, oh heart! Fittest way to win your quiet back again, Menie Laurie has laid you down—come good or evil, come peace or contest—laid you down, once for all, at the feet of God.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A brilliant company, the very newspapers would say so if they had note of it; distinguished people—except here and there a few who are only wives or sisters of somebody; the ladies and gentlemen present, individual by individual, are somebodies themselves. For a very pretty collection of Lions, as one could wish to see, are drawn together into Mr. Editor Lithgow's drawing-room, to do honour to his wedding-day.

And you may wonder at first to hear such a moderate amount of roaring; Lions of the present day are not given to grandiloquence. If the truth must be told, the talk sounds somewhat professional, not unlike the regimental talk of soldier officers and the ladies pertaining to the same. True, that a picturesque American, bolder than her compeers on this side the Atlantic, *poses* in one corner, and by-and-by makes a tableau, lying down in wild devotion at the feet of two respectable and somewhat scared good people—literary ladies of a modest standing, who have done just work enough to make their names known, but are by no means prepared for such homage as this. And for the rest of the company, it must be said that they sit or stand, lean back or lean forward; as propriety or common custom enjoin—that there is a great talk of babies in that other corner,

where the mistress of the house is surrounded by a band of matron friends;—and that there is in reality very little out of the common in this company if it were not for the said professional talk.

The young mistress of the house! She talks pretty nearly as much now as other people talk—quite as much, indeed, when her heart is opened with that all-interesting subject, babies—or when her tongue has leisure to talk of the marvellous feats of certain babies of her own. July Home has been a married wife five years.

There is nothing very costly or rare in this drawing-room; but it is well-sized and well-furnished, notwithstanding, and a pretty apartment. Lithgow himself, not a very stately host, attends to his guests with an unassuming kindness which charms these somewhat sophisticated people, in spite of themselves; and Lithgow is full of the talk of the profession, and speaks great names with the confidence of friendship. In these five years, mother though she be, and mistress of a London household, all you can say of July is, that she has grown a pretty girl—a little taller, a little more mature in action—but a girl just as she was when we saw her last.

Being addressed, but of his own will scarcely speaking to any one, there is a remarkable-looking person among Mr. Lithgow's guests. Looking up to his great height you can just see some threads of white among his hair, though his age does not justify this, for he is a young man still; and a settled cloud upon his brow gives darkness to his face. It is not grief—it is not care; a gloomy self-absorbed pride is much more like what it is.

"That is Mrs. Lithgow's brother," says another guest, in answer to the "who's that?" of an unaccustomed visitor. Mr. Lithgow's brother! Is this all the distinction that remains to the lofty Randall Home?

"And a literary man, like all the rest of us," continues, condescendingly, this gentleman, who is a critic, and contemptuous in right of his craft. "He made a great success with his first publication six or seven years ago. I saw it on that table in the corner, covered with a pile of prints and drawings. They say Home cannot bear to see it now. Well, he lingered a long time polishing, and elaborating, and retouching his second book, expecting, no doubt, an universal acclamation. Poor fellow! the public never so much as looked at it—it was a dead failure."

"Was it not equal to the first?" inquired breathlessly the original speaker, who in his heart was a warm adherent of Randall, though personally unknown to him, and who was a great deal better acquainted with the work in question than his informant.

"There was merit in the book," said the critic, poisoning a pretty paper knife carelessly on his forefinger—"merit, such as it was; and Lithgow, here, gave him an article, and tried hard to get up a feeling; but he's a supercilious fellow, sir—proud as Lucifer; he is constantly running against somebody, and we put him down."

The critic turned to speak to another critic on his other hand; the interrogator stood aside. Solitary in the midst of this animated company—dark where all was glowing with a modest brilliancy—it was not wonderful that this good man should inquire of himself whether there was nought of the evil thing called affectation in the gloom and pride of Randall Home. One thing, at least, it was not difficult to see—that Randall knew people were looking at him—wondering about him—and that more than one lady of sentiment and enthusiasm had marvelled already, with wistful melancholy, whether any one knew what the grief was which had blighted the young author's life.

The young author's life was not blighted. On him, like a nightmare, sat a subtle spirit, self-questioning, self-criticising. He was disappointed—a bitter stream had come into his way, and by its side he walked, his eyes bent downward on it, pondering the evils of his fate, trying with a cold philosophy to believe them no evils, assuming to despise them, yet resenting them with bitterness in his own secret heart.

"Randall, look at this; it minds me of home," said his sister in his ear. He took mechanically what she put into his hand—carelessly: not the slightest interest in *his* face for poor July's enthusiasm—as like as not he would smile and put it down with a careless glance. Things that other people look on with interest were matters of chilled and disappointed indifference to Randall Home.

Yet he looks at this child's face that has been brought before him; insensibly a smile breaks upon his lips in answer to this sweet child's smile. He, who is a critic, knows it is no *chef d'œuvre*, and has little claim to be looked upon as high art; but for once Randall thinks nothing of the execution—as on a real countenance he gazes upon this. These sweet little features seem to move before him with the throng of gracious childlike thoughts that hover over the unclouded brow—childlike thoughts—thoughts of the great eternal simplicities which come nearest to angels and to children. This man, through his intricacies and glooms, catches for an instant a real glimpse of what that atmosphere must be through which simple hearts look up into the undoubted heavens; for scarcely so much as a summer cloud can float between this child and the sky.

Come this way, Randall. Here is a little room, vacant, half-lighted, where lie other things akin to this. Take them up after your careless fashion. What message can they have to you? Be ready, if you can, to put them aside with a word of bitter criticism—only leave out this child's portrait. Say with your lips it is good and you like it; feel in your heart as if it spoke to you long, loving, simple speeches; and when you turn from it—hush! it is irreverent—do not try with either sarcasm or jest to cheat this sudden desolateness which you feel at your heart.

A cloudy face—is this no portrait? The wind is tossing back wildly the curls from its white high brow, and out of a heavy thunder-

cloud it looks down darkly, doubtfully, with a look which you cannot fathom. Uneasily the spectator lays it aside to lift another—another and another; they are very varied, but his keen eye perceives in a moment that every face among them which is a man's bears the same features. Other heads of children unknown to Randall—pictures of peasant women, real and individual, diversify the little collection; but where the artist has made a man's face, everywhere a subtle visionary resemblance runs through each and all. Through altered features the same expression—through changed moods and tempers the same sole face. The room swings about him as he looks—is it a dream or a vision—what does it mean?

The long white curtains faintly stir in the autumn night-wind which steals in through the open window; the shaded lamp upon the table throws down a little circle of light—a larger circle of shadow—upon these pictures, and faintly shines in the mirror above the vacant hearth. He has sunk on one knee to look at them again. What memory is it that has kept this face, what sad recollection has preserved its looks and changes so faithfully and so long? No ideal, noble and glorious, such as a heart might make for itself—no human idol either, arrayed in the purple and gold of loving homage—and the heart of Randall, startled and dismayed, hides its face, and beholds itself for the first time truly. He knows that none of these is meant for him—feels with certain confidence that reproach upon him is the last thing intended by this often portraiture; yet stands aside, and marvels, with a pang—a great throb of anguish and hope—to see himself, changed in habit and in aspect, with years added and with years taken away; but he feels in every one that the face is his own.

Love that thinks you loftiest, noblest—love that worships in you its type of grace and high perfections, its embodiments of dreams and longings—rejoice in it, oh youth! But if you ever come to know a love that is disenchanted—a love that with its clear and anxious sight has found you out and read your heart—knowing not the highest part alone, but, in so far as human creatures can, *all* that is written there—yet still is love; if you rejoice no longer, pause at least, and tremble. Light is the blind love of the old poets—frail, and in constant peril. Heaven help those to whom is given the love that sees as nothing else can see—It struck to the heart of Randall Home.

Through secrets of his being, which himself had never guessed, this lightened eye had pierced like a sunbeam. Unwitting of its insight, nought could it say in words of its discovery, but unconsciously they came to light under the artist-hand. Menie Laurie—Menie Laurie!—little you wist when your pencil touched so dreamily these faces, which were but so many shadows of one face in your heart—little you wist how strange a revelation they would carry to another soul.

"Something has happened to Randall—he will not hear me," said July to her husband when the guests went away. "He makes me no

answer—he never hears me speak, but stands yonder steadfast at the mirror, looking in his own face.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The sun has struck on Criffel's sullen shoulder. Look you how it besets him, with a glorious burst of laughter and triumph over his gloom. And now a clown no longer, but some grand shepherd baron, he draws his purple cloak about him, and lifts his cloudy head into the sky. Marshal your men-at-arms, Warder of the Border! Keep your profound unbroken watch upon the liege valleys and homes at your feet—for the sun is setting in a stormy glory, and the winds are gathering wild in their battalions in the hollows of the hills.

Travelling with his face towards the east, is one wayfarer on this lonely road. He knows the way, but it is long to his unaccustomed feet; and he is like to be benighted, whatever speed he makes. The sky before him is cold and clear, the sky of an autumn night, gleaming itself with an intense pale lustre, while great mountain-heaps of clouds, flung upon it, stand out round and full against its glittering chilly light; and with a wild rush, the wind comes down upon the trees, seizing them in a sudden convulsion. The road ascends a little, and looks from this point as if it went abruptly into the skies; and on either side lies the low breadth of a peat-moss, on which it is too dark now to distinguish the purple patches of heather, or anything but the moorland burn and deep drain full of black clear water, from which is thrown back again, in long flying glimmers of reflection, the pale light of the sky.

There is not a house in sight. Here and there a doddered oak or thorn, or stunted willows trailing their branches into the pools, give a kind of edge, interrupted and broken, to the moorland road; and now and then on a little homely bridge—one arch of stone, or it may be only two or three planks—it crosses a burn. With every gust of wind a shower of leaves comes rustling down from the occasional trees we pass, and the same cold breath persuades this traveller very soon to regret that his breast is not guarded by the natural defence—the grey plaids of the Border hills.

He does not lift his foot high and cumbrously from the ground, as the men of this quarter, used to wading through the moss and heather, are wont to do; nor does he oppose to this wild wind the broad expanded chest and weather-beaten face of rural strength; but he knows the way along which he walks so smartly—pauses now and then to recognise some ancient landmark—and pushes forward without hesitation, very well aware where he is going to, nor fearing to choose that shorter way across the moss, like one to the manner born.

A narrower path, broken in upon here and there by young sapling trees, self-sown willows, and bushes, which are scattered over all the moss. Suddenly—it may be but a parcel of stones, a little heap of peats—but there is something on the edge of the way.

Going forward, the traveller finds seated on

the fallen trunk of a tree two children—a little girl drawing in to her side the uncovered flaxen head of a still younger boy, and holding him firmly with her arm. The little fellow, with open mouth and close shut eyes, is fast asleep, and his young guardian's head droops on her breast. You can see she watched long before she yielded to it; but she too has dropped asleep.

The traveller, touched with sudden interest, pauses and looks down upon them. Indistinctly, in her sleep, hearing his step, or conscious of the human eye upon her which breaks repose, the little girl moves uneasily, tightens the firm pressure of her arm, murmurs something—of which the spectator, stooping down, can hear only “little Davie”—and then, throwing back her head and changing her attitude, settles again into her profound child's sleep.

What arrests him that he does not wake her? What makes him pause so long after his previous haste? Yes, look closer—scoop down upon the damp and springy soil—bend your knee. The pale faint light has not deceived you, neither has the memory, which holds with unwonted tenacity, the likeness of this face—for this is indeed the original. Sweet in its depth of slumber, its lips half closed, its eyelash warm upon its cheek, the same sweet heart you saw in London in the picture—the very child.

Eleven years old is Jessie now; and to keep little Davie out of mischief is a harder task than ever. So helpless, yet in such an attitude of guardianship and protection, the traveller's eyes, in spite of himself, fill with tears. He is almost loth to wake her, but the wind rushes with growing violence among the cowering trees.

He touches her shoulder—she does not know how gently—as suddenly she starts up broad awake. One terrified look Jessie gives him—another at the wild sky and dreary moor. “You're no to meddle wi' Davie; it's a' my blame,” said Jessie with one frightened sob: “and oh, it's dark nicht, and we'll never win hame!”

“How did you come here?” said the stranger gently. Jessie was reassured; she dried her eyes and began to look up at him with a little returning confidence.

“I dinna ken; it was Davie would rin—no, it was me that never cam the road before—and we got on to the moss. Oh, will you tell me the airt I'm to gang hame?”

He put his hand upon the child's head kindly. This was not much like Randall Home. The Randall of old days, if he never failed to help, scarcely ever knew himself awakened to interest. There was a great delight of novelty in this new spring opened in his heart.

“Were you not afraid to fall asleep?”

Poor little Jessie began to cry; she thought she had done wrong. “I couldna keep wakin. I tried as lang as I could, and then I thocht I would just ask God to take care o' Davie, and then there would be nae fear. That was the way I fell asleep.”

A philosopher! But how have these tears found their way to his face? Somehow he cannot look on this little speaker—cannot perceive her small brother laying his cheek upon her breast, without a new emotion which ought to have no place in the mind of an observing moralist whose thought is of cause and effect. Again he lays his hand upon her head—so kindly that Jessie looks up with a shy smile—and says, “You are used to say your prayers?”

“I aye do’t every night.” Jessie looks up again wistfully, wondering with a sudden pity. Can it be possible that he does not say his prayers, gentleman though he be?

“Say them here, little girl—I would like to hear your prayers”—and his own voice sounds reverent, low, as one who feels a great presence near.

But Jessie falters and cries—does not know what to answer, though it is very hard to contend against the impulse of instant obedience. “Oh, I dinna like—I canna say them outby to a man,” she says in great trouble, clasping and unclasping her hands. “I just mind a’body, and little Davie—and give my soul to Christ to keep,” added the little girl solemnly, “for fear I shouldna wake the morn.”

There is a little silence. She thinks this kindly stranger is angry with her, and cries; but it is only a something of strong unusual emotion, which he must swallow down.

“Now, you must wake up little Davie, and I will take you home. Is it far? You do not know, poor little guardian. Come away—it is near Brigend? Well, we will manage to get there. Come, little fellow, rouse up and give me your hand.”

But Davie, very wroth at such a sudden interruption of his repose, shook his little brown clenched hand in the stranger’s face instead, and would hold by no other but his sister. So in this order they went on, Jessie, with much awe, permitting her hand to be held in Randall’s, and sleepy Davie dragging her back at the other side. They went on at a very different pace from Randall’s former rate of walking—threading their encumbered way with great difficulty through the moorland path—but by-and-by, to the general comfort, emerged once more upon the high-road, and near the cheerful light from a cottage door.

And here he would pause to ask for some refreshment for the lost children, but does not fail to glance in first at the cottage window. This woman sitting before the fire has a face he knows, and she is rolling up a heavy white-faced baby, and moving with a kind of monotonous rock, back and forward upon her seat. But there is not a murmur of the mother-song—instead, she is slowly winding up to extremest aggravation a little girl in a short-gown and apron, who stands behind her in a flood of tears, and whose present state of mind suggests no comfort to her, but to break all the “pigs” (*Anglicè* crockery) in the house and run away.

“Will I take in two bairns?—what would I do wi’ twa bairns? I’ve enow o’ my ain; but folk just think they can use any freedom wi’

me,” said the woman, in answer to Randall’s appeal made from the door. “I’m sure Peter’s pack might be a laird’s lands for what folk expect; and because there’s nae ither cause o’ quarrelling wi’ a peaceable woman like me, I maun aye be askit to do things I canna do. It’s nae o’ my blame they didna get their dinner. Lad, you had best take them home.”

“I will pay for anything you give them cheerfully; but the little creatures are exhausted,” said Randall again from the door. He thought he had altered a good deal his natural voice.

The woman suddenly raised her head. “I’m saying, that’s a tongue I ken,” she said in an under-tone. “This is nae public to gie meat for siller, lad,” she continued; “but they may get a bit barley scone and a drink o’ milk—I’ve nae objections. Ye’ll no belong to this country yourself?” For, with a rapidity very unusual to her, she had suddenly deposited her gaping baby in the cradle, and now stood at the door. Randall kept without in the darkness. The lost children were admitted to the fire.

“No.”

“I wouldna say but you’re out o’ London, by your tongue. I’ve been there mysel before I was married, biding wi’ a brother o’ mine that’s real weel-off and comfortable there. I’ve never been up again, for he’s married, and her and me disna ’gree that weel. It’s an awfu’ world—a peaceable person has nae chance—and I was aye kent for that, married and single. Ye’ll have heard o’ my man, Peter Drumlie, if you come out o’ Cumberland; but I reckon you’re frae London, by your tongue.”

With a bow, and a sarcastic compliment to her discrimination, Randall answered her question; but the bow and the sarcasm were lost upon the person he addressed; she went on in her dull tone without a pause.

“Ay, I aye was kent for discrimination,” she said with modest self-approval, “though it’s no everybody has the sense to allow’t. But you’ll ha’e come to see your friends, I reckon—they’ll be biding about this pairt?”

“Just so,” said Randall.

“Ye’ll ken mony a change in the countryside,” continued the woman. “There’s the auld minister dead in Kirklands parish, and a’ the family scattered, and a delicate lad, a stranger, in the Manse his lane; and maister and mistress gane out o’ Kirklands House, away somegate in foreign parts; and Walter Well-wood, the young laird, he’s married upon a grand lady and joined to the Papishes; and—but ye’ll maybe ken better about the common folk o’ the parish. There’s auld Croftill and Miss Janet their lee lane up the brae yonder, and ne’er a word frae Randy—maybe you would ken Randy?—the awfulest lad for thinking of himsel; and then there’s the family at Burnside—they’re come down in the world, wi’ a’ their pride and their vanity—living in naething but a cot-house on the siller Jenny makes wi’ her kye; and Miss Menie, she makes pictures and takes folk’s likenesses, and does what she can

to keep hersel. Eh, man, there's awfu' changes!—And wee July Home, Crofthill's daughter, she's married upon our Johnnie, keepit like a leddy, and never has a hand's turn laid to her, wet day or dry—it's a grand marriage for the like o' her;—and there's mysel—I was ance Nelly Panton, till I got my man—but I've nae occasion to do a thing now but keep the house gaun, and mind the sillier—for Peter, he's a man o' sense, and kens the value o' a guid wife—and I live real comfortable among my ain folk in a peaceable way, as I was aye disposed—though they're an ill set the folk hereaway—they're aye bickering amang themselves. Will you no come in-by and rest?"

Randall, who felt his philosophy abandon him in this respect as well as others, and who could not persuade himself by any arguments of her insignificance to quench the passion which this slow stream of malicious disparagement raised within him, answered very hotly, and with great abruptness, that he could not wait longer. A moment after he found himself again upon the road, with the reluctant children dragging him back, and Nelly looking out after him from her door. He had time to be annoyed at himself for betraying his anger; but Randall began to have changed thoughts—began to lose respect for the self-constraint which once had been his highest form of dignity—began to think that no natural emotion was unworthy of him—of *him*. For the first time he laughed at the words with bitterness as he looked up to the pale gleaming sky, with its clouds and stars. Unworthy of him—who then was he?

CHAPTER XXXV.

"The man's richt—they'll ha'e strayed in on the moss. Oh, my bairns! my bairns!" cried the distressed mother into the night. "And Patie was telling, nae farther gaue than yestreen, what a bogilly bit it was, till a' the weans were fleyed; and if they're no sunk in the moss itsel, they'll be dead wi' fright by this time. Oh, my bonnie Jessie! that was aye doing somebody a guid turn and wee Davie—puir wee Davie he was aye the youngest, and got his ain way. My bairns! my bairns!"

A snort came through the misty gloom. By this time it was very dark, and Randall could hear the voices as they approached.

"What's the woman greeting for. Her bairns?—her bairns? I would just like to ken what suld all her bairns—little mischiefs! They're warm at somebody's ingle-neuk, Ise warrant. That wee Davie's an imp o' Satan; neither richt nor bogles will harm him. Come this road, woman. What gart ye leave the lantern? If there weren a better wits than yours"—

Jenny's voice was interrupted by a sudden footstep crushing the bramble branches on the side of the way, and by a sudden glow of light thrown full upon the dazzled eyes of little Jessie, who left Randall's hand with a cry of joy—"Oh, it's the leddy—we're safe at hame."

The lantern flashed about through the dark-

ness. Randall's heart beat loudly. With a great start he recognised the voice which gave kindly welcome to the strayed child, and he could distinguish the outline of her figure, as she shaded the lantern with her hand; then she raised it—he felt the light suddenly burst upon his face—another moment and it was gone. Little Jessie flew back to him dismayed; voice and figure and light had disappeared as they came; one other step upon the brambles, and they were alone once more.

He had no time to marvel or to follow, for now the mother and Jenny, suddenly drawing close to them, fell upon the lost children, with cries of mingled blame and joy. "It was the gentleman brought us hame."

"Thanks to the gentleman—would he no come in and rest!—he would be far out of his way—the guidman would take a lantern, and convoy him"—and a hundred other anxious volunteerings of gratitude poured upon Randall's ears. "I must go on—I must go on!" He burst past them impatiently; he did not know where the house was, or if she had gone home; but Menie had seen him, and Menie he must see.

Step softly, Randall! In her high excitement she hears every stir of the falling leaves without, and could not miss your footstep, if you trod softly as a child. She has reached to her shelter already—she has put out her mother's lights, and stands in the darkness, pressing her white face against the window, looking out, wondering if she will see you again—wondering why you come here—praying in a whisper that you may not cross her path any more, but contradicting the prayer in her heart. Mrs. Laurie stands by the door without, watching for the children's return; and now they come, Davie lifted into his mother's arms (for he had been almost asleep on his feet), Jessie eager that everybody should understand "it was my blame," and Jenny smartly lecturing each and all. The rest of the family—all but the goodman, who has gone to the moss to seek the children—are gathered in a group before the cottage; and the red light of the fire glows out upon them, and some one has picked up the lantern which Menie Laurie dropped. A little crowd—the inner circle of faces brightened by lamp, the outer ones receding into partial gloom, hearing little Jessie tell her story, speculating what part of the moss it could be, and "where was the gentleman?"—a question which none could answer.

"Though I've heard his tongue afore, mysel," said Jenny, "I'm just as sure—woman, will ye no take that little Satan to his bed?—and puir wee Jessie's een's gaun thegither. It wasna your blame, you deceitful monkey! Ye may cheat the wife there, but ye'll no cheat Jenny. It was a' that little bother—it wasna you. Gang out o' my gate, callant? If nae o' the rest o' ye will stir, I maun pit the bairn to her bed mysel."

From her window Menie Laurie looks out upon this scene—upon the darkness around—the one spot of light, and the half-illuminated faces; looks out wistfully, straining her eyes

into the night, wondering where he has gone, and getting time now, as her agitation calms, to be ashamed and annoyed at her own weakness. Very calm for many a day has been Menie Laurie's quiet heart—soberly, happily contented, and at rest. Little comforts and elegancies, which neither Mrs. Laurie's income nor Jenny's kye could attain, Menie has managed to collect into this little room. Her "trade," as she still calls it—for Menie is the person of all others least satisfied with her own performances, and will not assume to be an artist—has brought her in contact with many pleasant people; her mother is pleased that they have even better "society" here, in the cot-house, than they had in prosperous Burnside; and it even seems a thing probable, and to be hoped for, that by-and-by they may go back to Burnside, and be able to live without its fifty yearly pounds. This success could not come without bringing some content and satisfaction with it; and constant occupation has restored health and ease to Menie's mind, while almost as calm as of old, but with a deeper, loftier quiet, a womanly repose;—light, within her eased breast, has lain Menie Laurie's heart.

And why this face of strange excitement now, Menie cannot tell. She found him out so suddenly—flashing her light upon the face which least of all she thought to see. But Menie wonders to feel this strong thrill of agitation returning on her as she touches the window with her pale cheek, and wonders if she will see him again.

The night falls deeper—darker; the wind overhead comes shouting down upon the trees, throwing their leaves from them in wild handfuls, and tearing off their feeble branches in a frenzy. Here where we stand, you can hear it going forth with its cry of defiance against the hills, flinging a magic circle round the startled homesteads, attacking bridges upon rivers, stacks in farmyards. The Goodman, who has returned with a glad heart to find his children safe, says, when he closes the cottage-door, that it is a wild night; but here, amid all its violence, waiting a moment when he may see her—strangely excited, strangely emancipated, owning the sway of one most passionate and simple emotion, and for the first time forgetting, not only himself, but everything else—here, with his bare forehead to the wind, stands Randall Home.

Now come hither: Jenny's candle in the kitchen thriftily extinguished, leaving her window only lightened by the firelight, proves that Jenny has come "ben" to the family service—the daily meeting-ground of mistress and servant, child and mother. There is no need to close the shutters on this window, which no one ever passes by to see. Calm in her fireside corner sits Mrs. Laurie, with her open Bible in her lap; Jenny is close by the table, drawing near the light, and poring very closely upon the "sma' print," which runs into a confused medley before her, not to be deciphered—for Jenny will not be persuaded to try spectacles, lest they should "spoil her een;" while Menie,

who reads the chapter aloud, reverently turns over the leaves of the family Bible, and with all her quiet restored, speaks the words which say peace to other storms than that storm never to be forgotten, in the Galilean Sea.

You remember how she was when you saw her last—you remember her through the flush of your own anger, the mortification of your own pride—but pride and mortification have little to do with this atmosphere which surrounds our Menie now. Her delicate hand is on the open Book—her reverent eyes cast down upon it—her figure rising out of its old girlish freedom and carelessness, into a womanly calm and dignity. He follows the motion of her head and lips with an unconscious eager gesture—follows them with devotion, longing to feel himself engaged with her; and hears, his frame quivering the while—rising upon his heart with a command, that hushes all these violent strong voices round—the low sound of *her* voice.

Now they are at prayer. Her face is folded in her hands, Randall; and there may be a prayer in Menie's heart, which Mrs. Laurie's voice, always timid at this time, does not say. Whatever there is in Menie's heart, you know what is in your own—know at once this flood of sudden yearning, this sudden passion of hope and purpose, this sudden burst of womanish tears. Now then, overmastered, subdued, and won, turn away, Randall Home—but not till Jenny, starting from her knees, has burst into a violent sob and scream. "I dreamt he was come back this very night; I dreamt 'o him yestreen—Randall—Randall Home!" But, with an awed face, Jenny returned from the door to which she had flown. Randall was not there!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Something of languor is in this chill morning, as its quiet footstep steals upon the path of the exhausted storm—something worn out and heavy are Menie's eyes as she closes them wearily upon the daylight when Jenny has cleared the little breakfast-table, and it is time for the day's work to begin. They speak to her softly, you will perceive, and are very tender of Menie, as if she were ill, and Jenny cannot forgive herself for the shock that her exclamation caused last night.

A heavy stupor is on Menie's mind, lightened only with gleams of wild anxiety, with fruitless self-questionings, which she fain would restrain, but cannot. Jenny, firm in the belief that she has seen a spirit, is melancholy and mysterious, and asks suggestive questions—whether they have heard if there is "ony great trouble in London 'enow," or who it was that was prayed for in the kirk last Sabbath—a young man in great distress. Mrs. Laurie, uneasy and solicitous, cannot stay these pitiful looks which unawares she turns upon her daughter, and hangs perpetually about her with tender touches, consoling words, and smiles, till poor Menie's heart is like to break.

The day's work is over in Jenny's "redd-up kitchen;"—the uneven earthen floor is carefully

swept—the hearth as white and the fireside as brilliant as Jenny's elaborate care can make them; and Jenny has drawn aside a little the sliding pannel which closes in her bed, to show the light patch-work quilt, and snowy linen of the "owrelay." Bright brass and pewter carefully polished above the high mantel-shelf—bright plates and crockery against the walls—with a glance of satisfaction Jenny surveyed the whole as she passed into the private corner where she made her toilette—a "wise-like" kitchen; it was worthy of Jenny.

And now, in her blue and yellow gown, in her black and red checked plaiden shawl, in her great Leghorn bonnet, fashioned in antique times, Jenny sets out from the cottage-door. No one knows where Jenny is going, and there has been some surprise "ben the house" at her intimation of her proposed absence. But Jenny keeps her own counsel, and walks away soberly, seeing Mrs. Laurie at the window, in the direction of Burnside. "Nae occasion to let the haill town see the gate that Jenny was gaun," she says to herself, with a slight fuff; and, altering her course before she reaches the Brigend, Jenny turns rapidly towards the hills.

And something of growing gravity, almost awe, is on Jenny's face. "Eh, puir callant, he's young to take fareweel o' this life. Weel, laddie, mony's the time Jenny's grutten for ye; and maybe it's best, after a', if aye could but think sae." These lamentations fall like so many tears on Jenny's way—and she is rapidly climbing the brae, as she utters them, towards the house of Crofthill.

It is a wintry autumn afternoon—so dull, that the potato-gatherers in the fields are chilled into silence, and the ploughmen scarcely can whistle into the heavy atmosphere which droops upon them laden with unfallen rain. The paths of the little triangular garden of Crofthill are choked with masses of brown leaves, fallen from the trees, which sway their thin remaining foliage drearily, hanging lank from the crest of the hill. The goodman is thrashing to-day; you can hear the heavy tramp of the horses, the swing of the primitive machine: it is almost the only sound that breaks the silence of the place.

Nay, listen—there is another sound; a slow monotonous voice, wont to excite in Jenny certain sentiments the reverse of peaceable. The kitchen door is open, a great umbrella rests against the lintel, and Miss Janet's tall figure is just visible, in a gown not much unlike Jenny's own, standing before the fire listening, as Jenny, arrested at the threshold, must be content to listen too.

"Na; I can do nae mair than tell what's true; I canna gie folk the judgment to put trust in me. I'm no ane that meddles wi' ither folk's concerns—but I thoct it richt ye should ken—I'm no saying whether it's in the flesh or the spirit—that Randall Home was seen upon the Kirklands road last night."

"But I tell ye, woman, it couldna be our Randy—it couldna be my bairn," exclaimed Miss Janet in great distress. "Do ye think Crofthill's son would ca' upon the like o' you,

and no come hame? It's been some English lad, that's spoken grand, like Randall; and how was you to ken to look at his presence, that never ane had like him? Na, it wasna our son."

"Presence or no presence, I mind him weel," said Nelly, emphatically. "I wouldna think, mysel, an appearance or a wraith could ha'e grippit thae weans, and kent the road sae weel to carry them hame—no to say that spirits would ha'e little patience, as I think, wi' barley scones, when they canna partake themselves; and I tried him about the Burnside family, and Crofthill as weel; and I saw his een louping wi' passion, and he scarce ga'e me thanks for my charity. It's an awfu' thing to see as I do ilka day—and I canna think but what it's just because I'm sae peaceable mysel that a'budy flees into raptures wi' me. But I just ken this—I saw Randall Home."

Miss Janet turned round to wring her hands unseen. She was very much troubled and shaken, and turning, met, to her dismay, the keen inquisitive face of Jenny. With a little start and cry, Miss Janet turned again, to dash some tears off her cheek. Then she addressed the new-comer in a trembling voice. "Ye'll have heard her story—your house is on the same road—have you seen anything like this?"

"I wouldna put a moment's faith in her—no me!" said Jenny, promptly. "It's a dull day to her when she disna put somebody in trouble; and it's just because there's no a single mischief to the fore in Kirklands that she's come to put her malice on you. Put strife amang neighbors, woman—naebody can do't sae weel; but what would ye come here for to frighten honest folk in their ain houses?"

"For every friendly word I say, I aye get twa ill words back," said Nelly meekly, with a sigh of injury. "But it's weel kent the spirit that's in Burnside Jenny, and I wouldna take notice, for my part, o' what the like o' her might say; but I canna help aye being concerned for what happens to Crofthill, minding the connection; and if I didna see Randall Home's face, and hear Randall Home's tongue, in the dark at my ain door yestreen, I never saw mortal man. If he's in the flesh, I wouldna say but he was hiding for some ill-doing—for you may be sure he didna want me to see his face, kenning me for far sicht langsyne; and if it was an appearance, I'll no gie you muckle hope o' his state, for the awsome passion he got in, though he never said a word to me; and, as I said before, I can tell you what's true, but I canna gie ye faith to believe—sae I'll bid ye good day, Miss Janet; and ye'll just see if ye dinna think mair o' what I've said, afore you're a day sulder—you and the auld man too."

Slowly Nelly took her departure, Miss Janet looking on like one stupefied. As the unwelcome visitor disappeared, Miss Janet sank into a chair, and again wrung her hands; but looking up with sudden fright to perceive Jenny's elaborate dress, and look of mystery, hastily exclaimed, "Jenny, woman—it's no but what

you're aye welcome,—but what's brocht you here the day?"

"I cam o' my ain will; naebody kens," said Jenny abruptly.

"But ye maun have come with an errand—I'm no feared to greet before you, Jenny," said Miss Janet, with humility. "Oh, woman, tell me—do you ken onything of my bairn?"

"Me! what should I ken?" said Jenny, turning her face away. "You'll have gotten word? Nae doubt, being grand at the writing, he aye sends letters. What gars ye ask the like o' me?"

Miss Janet caught her visitor's hand, and turned her face towards the light with a terrified cry. "You may tell me—I ken you've seen him as weel."

Jenny resisted for some time, keeping her head averted. At length, when she could struggle no longer, she fell into a little burst of sobbing. "I never would have telled ye. I didna come to make you desolate—but I canna tell a lee. I saw him in the dark last nicht, just ae moment, glancing in at the window—and when I gaed to the door, he was gane."

Half an hour after, very drearily Jenny took her way down the hill—and looking back as the early twilight began to darken on her path, she saw Miss Janet's wistful face commanding the way. The twilight came down heavily—the clouds dipt upon the hill—drizzling rains began to fall, carrying down with them light dropping showers of half-detached and dying leaves—but still Miss Janet leaned upon the dyke, and turned her anxious eyes to the hilly footpath, watching, with many a sob and shiver, for Randall—in the flesh or in the spirit. Surely, if he revealed himself to strangers, he might come to her.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

After this there fell some very still and quiet days upon Mrs. Laurie's cottage. Everything went on languidly; there was no heart to the work which Menie touched with dreamy fingers; there was something subdued and spiritless in her mother's looks and movements; and even Jenny's foot rang less briskly upon her earthen floor. They did not know what ailed them, nor what it was they looked for; but with a brooding stillness of expectation, they waited for something, if it were tempest, earthquake, or only a new glow of sunshine out of the kindly skies.

Was it a spirit? Asking so often, you make your cheek pale, Menie Laurie; you make your eyelids droop heavy and leaden over your dim eyes. Few people come here to break the solitude, and we all dwell with our own thoughts, through these still days alone.

"Menie, you are injuring yourself; we will take a long walk, and see some people to-day," said Mrs. Laurie. "Come, it is quite mild—it will do us both good; we will go to the manse to see Miss Johnston, and then to Woodlands and Burnside. Put up your papers—we will take a holiday to-day."

Menie's heavy eyes said faintly that she

cared nothing about Miss Johnston, about Woodlands or Burnside; but Menie put aside her papers slowly, and prepared for the walk. They went out together, not saying much, though each sought out, with labour and difficulty, something to say. "I wonder what ails us?" said Menie, with a sigh. Her mother made no answer. It was not easy to tell; and speaking of it would do more harm than good.

A hazy day—the sky one faint unvaried colour, enveloped in a uniform livery of cloud; a faint white mist spread upon the hills; small invisible rain in the air, and the withered leaves heavily falling down upon the sodden soil.

"This will not raise our spirits, mother," said Menie, with a faint smile; "better within doors, and at work, on a day like this."

But why, with such a start and tremble, do you hear those steps upon the path? Why be struck with such wild curiosity about them, although you would not turn your head for a king's ransom? Anybody may be coming—the shepherd's wife from Whinnyrig yonder, the poor crofter from the edge of the peat-moss, or little Jessie's mother bound for the universal rural-shop at the Brigend. We are drawing near to the Brigend—already the aromatic flavour of the peats warms the chill air with word of household fires, and we see smoke rise beyond the ash-trees—the smoke of our old family home, the kind hearth of Burnside.

Hush! whether it were hope or fear, is no matter; the steps have ceased; vain this breathless listening to hear them again; go on through the ash-trees, Menie Laurie—on through the simple gateway of this humble rural world. By the fireside—in the cottage—with such simple joy as friendly words and voices of children can give you—this is your life.

And only one—only one—this your mother—to watch your looks and gestures—the falling and the rising of your tired heart. Wistful eyes she turns upon you—tender cares. Look up to repay her, Menie; smile for her comfort; you are all that remains to her, and she is all that remains to you.

Look up; see how solemnly the ash-trees lift their old bleached arms to heaven. Look up, Menie Laurie; but here, at our very ear, these bewildering steps again!

Do not shrink; here has come the ordeal you have looked for many a day. Well said your prophetic heart, that it drew near in the hush and silence of this fated time. They stand there, arched and canopied, under these familiar trees, the hamlet's quiet houses receding behind them—Burnside yonder, the limit of the scene, and the burn, the kindly country voice, singing a quiet measure to keep them calm. An old man and a young, learned with experiences of life; the elder, fresh and noble, daring to meet the world with open face, aware of all the greatest truths and mysteries of the wonderful existence which we call common life, but nothing more; the younger, trained in a more painful school, with his lesson of self-forgetting newly conned, with know-

ledge sadder than his father's, with a heart and conscience quivering still with self-inflicted wounds—they stand there bareheaded under the cloudy sky—not with the salutation of common respect, which might permit them to pass on. A courtly natural grace about them both, makes their attitude all the more remarkable. With blanched cheeks and failing eyes, Menie Laurie's face droops; she dares not look up, but waits, trembling so greatly that she can scarcely stand, for what has to be said.

Mrs. Laurie, with a sudden impulse of protection, draws her child's arm within her own—moves forward steadily, all her pride of mother and of woman coming to her aid; bows to her right hand and her left; says she is glad to see that this is really Mr. Randall, and not the wraith her simple Jenny had supposed; and, speaking thus in a voice which is but a murmur of inarticulate sound to Menie, bows again, and would pass on.

But John Home of Croft-hill lays his hand upon her sleeve. "You and me have no out-cast to settle. Leave the bairns to themselves."

With a startled glance Mrs. Laurie looks round her, at the old man's face of anxious friendliness, at the deep flush on Randall's brow, and at her own Menie's drooping head. "Shall I leave you, Menie?" Menie makes no answer—as pale and as cold as marble, with a giddy pain in her forehead, unable to raise her swimming eyes—but she makes a great effort to support herself, as her mother gradually looses her hand from her arm.

Passive, silent, her whole mind absorbed with the pain it takes to keep herself erect, and guide her faltering steps along the road; but Randall is by Menie's side once more.

Father and mother have gone on, back towards the cottage; silently, without a word, these parted hearts follow them side by side. If she had any power left but what is wanted for her own support, she would wonder why Randall does not speak. She does wonder, indeed, faintly, even through her pain. With downcast eyes like hers, he walks beside her, through this chill dewy air, between these rustling hedges, in a conscious silence, which every moment becomes more overpowering, more strange.

"Menie!" With a sudden start she acknowledges her name; but there is nothing more.

"I said, when we parted, that you were disloyal to me and to Nature," said Randall, after another pause. "Menie, I have learned many a thing since then. It was I that was disloyal to Nature—but never to you."

Still no answer; this giddiness grows upon her, though she does not miss a syllable of what he says.

"There is no question between us—none that does not fade like a vapor before the sunlight I see. Menie, can you trust me again?"

She cannot answer—she can do nothing but falter and stumble upon this darkening road. It grows like night to her. What is this she leans upon—the arm of Randall Home?

Miss Janet sits in her shawl of state in Jenny's kitchen—very curious and full of anxiety. "Eh, woman, such a sair heart I had," said Miss Janet, "when wha should come, as fast up the road as if he kent I was watching, but my ain bairn? He hasna been hame since July's wedding; ye wouldna think it o' a grand lad like our Randall, and him sae clever, and sae muckle thoct o' in the world—but when he gaed owre his father's doortane again, the pair laddie grat like a bairn. Will you look if they're coming, Jenny?—nae word o' them? Eh, woman, what can make Miss Menie sae ill at the like o' him?"

"The like o' him's nae such great things," said Jenny, with a little snort. "I wouldna say but what Miss Menie has had far better in her offer. She's a self-willed thing—she'll no take Jenny's word; but weel I wat, if she askit me—"

"Whisht, you're no to say a word," cried Miss Janet, coming in from the door. "I see them on the road—I see them coming hame. Jenny, you're no to speak. Miss Menie and my Randall, they're ae heart ance mair."

And so it was—one heart, but not a heart at ease; the love-renewed still owned a pang of terror. But day after day came out of the softening heavens—hour after hour preached and expounded of the mellowed nature—the soul which had learned to forget itself; other pictures rose under Menie's fingers—faces which looked you bravely in the face—eyes that forgot to doubt and criticise. The clouds cleared from her firmament in gusts and rapid evolutions, as before these brisk October winds. One fear followed another, falling like the autumn leaves; a warmer atmosphere crept into the cottage, a brighter sunshine filled its homely rooms. Day by day, advancing steadily, the son drew farther in, to his domestic place. The mother gave her welcome heartily; the daughter, saying nothing, felt the more; and no one said a word of grumbling, save perverse Jenny, who wept with joy the while, when another year and another life lighted up into natural gladness the sweet harmonious quiet of Menie Laurie's heart.

LASTING EFFECTS OF HEAT.—The French, during the time their army remained under Buonaparte in the Holy Land, constructed two very large ovens in the castle of Tiberias. Two years had elapsed at the time of our arrival since they had set fire to their granary; and it was considered a miracle by the inhabitants of Tiberias, that the combustion was not

yet extinguished. We visited the place, and perceived that whenever the ashes of the burned corn were stirred by thrusting a stick among them, sparks were even then glowing throughout the heap, and a piece of wood being left there became charred. The heat in those vaulted chambers where the corn had been destroyed was still very great.—*Clarke's Travels.*

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AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

No. XII.—THEODORE PARKER.

To write about Theodore Parker without trenching on theology, may seem as preposterous as to take up Milton without reference to poetry, or Mozart irrespective of music, or Titian exclusive of Art. Nevertheless, we must here omit the capital feature in question, or leave out Mr. Parker from this patchwork series—the pages of this Journal affording no space for Church militant polemics. But a writer so marked in contemporary "American Authorship"—so hotly vituperated on the one hand, and on the other resorted to as a real Sir Oracle,—may not be ignored with impunity in any such miscellaneous review. If we do touch on his Absolute Religion, it shall be but a touch; and then off at a tangent.

Perhaps we are already convicted, by some judges, of reckless effrontery in introducing at all this writer's name—a name tantamount, in the estimate of not a few, to the incarnate essence of infidel and heretic. He is regarded in many quarters with the kind, if not degree, of shuddering aversion^{*} expressed by the Jewish high priest in "Athalie"—

^{*} If there be any section of English Churchmen which tolerates, and even views with some improper fractional sort of interest, the writings of this American "theist," it is that represented, prominently if but partially however, by Mr. ex-Professor Maurice. And here, in consideration of the ferment recently caused by Mr. Maurice's *yeast*—the little leaven which it is feared may leaven the whole lump of our Churchmanship—we will bestow a few words on what seems to us characteristic (in a literary, not theologico-critical aspect) of that gentleman's writings.

By that particular "following" of which Mr. F. D. Maurice is the accredited chieftain, he is pronounced the man of men in these days of trouble, and rebuke, and blasphemy. His influence has been slowly but steadily advancing, since the publication, years ago, of his letters to a Quaker, on the constitution and character of the Church—two volumes which puzzled perhaps every clique of readers, now gratifying them with an assurance that here their own special "interest" (in Nonconformist parlance) might boast of a sterling acquisition to their ranks, and now mortifying them by an abrupt change of tactics all in favour of their foe. Something of the same alternation and antithesis of feeling he has produced, more or less, in all his subsequent (theological) writings. These are so numerous, that would Mr. Maurice only renounce the single habit of thinking while he writes, and of drawing on that reasoning organ, his brain, as well as on that mechanical agent, the pen of a ready writer, he might positively rival Dr. John Cumming in fecundity. But as he does *not* make the wrist and fingers his sole agent, his *factotum* in composition, he must be content to lag a little in the rear of the prolific Presbyterian—that G. P. R. James of "religious wordliness"—that indefatigable purveyor of safe light reading to "serious families"—whose "last" exposition is as complacently canvassed at a Recordite tea-party, as the said novelist's newest tale in a Christmas ball-room.

Guided by the eulogies of his disciples, and by the wonted *promissory* tone of his own preliminary statements, one is impelled to expect a great deal from Mr. Maurice. One is led to expect a rich supply of positive instruction. But, saith the proverb, Blessed is he that

Vous souffrez qu'il vous parle? et vous ne craignez pas
Que du fond de l'abîme entr'ouvert sous ses pas
Il ne sorte à l'instant des feux qui vous embrasent
Ou qu'en tombant sur lui ces murs ne vous écrasent?
Que veut-il? De quel front cet ennemi de Dieu
Vient-il infecter l'air qu'on respire en ce lieu?

Now, Sir Nathaniel maketh humble confession that he is possessed of a morbid interest in the black arts, as comprised in German and American book-work. Show him a branch of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and forthwith his hand grasps at the forbidden fruit. Not that he is tempted only by the kind of clusters that flourish in the rank orchards of neology and rationalism; only let there be a rumour of some strange fruit, a true exotic, bursting with poisonous seeds within, though alluring as the apples of Sodom without—and, whether it come from Boston or Halle, or be "raised" by a cardinal or a secularist—he is anon restless till he has had a bite. One week his friends apprehend from the books on his table, that he is on the very eve of a junction with the Church of the Seven Hills—so intent appear

expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed. That beatitude was not for us, in our study, such as it may have been, of his writings. Disappointed we were. But then we had expected much.

With a respectful *O salve!* the inquirer approaches him, like Charinus with his

"Ad te advenio, spes, salutem, auxilium, consilium expetens:"

too often to find that his Pamphilus might say, "Neque poi consilii locum habeo, neque auxilii copiam." Admirable things there are, beyond question, in Mr. Maurice's books. First and foremost, there is that solemn sincerity of religious feeling, in the sacred presence of which one feels both attracted and awed, and for the sake of which one can still assent to the title of "divine" and "divinity," as applied to a certain class of men and class of writings. There is freshness and freedom of thought; a superiority to the peddling platitudes of routine theology; a candid scrutiny of other-sidedness, in place of a preposessed devotion to one-sidedness only. There is an out-spoken *caveat* against the intellectually conventional when it involves the morally false, an unflinching inquisition of masked pretence, and a resolve to wrest forth the lie from out her right hand. There is a habit of philosophic reflectiveness; there is critical acumen and sensibility; there is scholarship, and steady industry in research. There is an intense yearning after practical results—evident in the political and social schemes which his adversaries rebut as so intensely unpractical. And there is manly, nervous, forcible style—the style of a man who weighs his words, and that too in the balance of the sanctuary.

Nevertheless, his writings leave one strangely dissatisfied. Quite provoking is the alliance they present of lucid premiss with lame and impotent conclusion. The conclusion is often that in which nothing is concluded. When you fancy yourself surest of his drift, presto! he's arguing something else. Those against (or in behalf of) whom his controversial essays are intended, are heard to say, with perfect justice—"He often enters into our difficulties and admits their full force, but then he flies off to some aspect of truth that he thinks we

his researches into the profundities of Father Newman and Mr. Lucas, the *Rambler* and the *Tablet*; the next, he is suspected of an infatuated *penchant* towards Swedenborg, or Quietism, or the "catholic apostolic" excrescences of the new Irvingites; and the week following, of unqualified agreement with some ultra expression of the Straussian spirit—because he has been seen pouring over Froude or Francis Newman, R. W. Mackay or James Martineau, perhaps even H. G. Atkinson or G. J. Holyoake. Were he indeed of opinion that any of the diverse authors thus specified are morally insincere, and purposely misleading, in their several teachings, he could not get through a page of their lucubrations; but supposing them to believe themselves in the right, and assuming their anxiety to convince others of its rightness, he is latitudinarian enough, some say "foolhardy" enough, to handle these edge tools, to see what use they may be put to, and whether their new-fangled make is really calculated to shelve the old patented instruments which have lasted the world so long.

This egotistic preamble may be wound up by the acknowledgment, that as he (if "he" can be egotistic) has taken observations of, so he has not been bewitched by, the "new

light" of Mr. Theodore Parker. There is the glare of artificial fireworks about it, an up-shot of phizzing, skyscraping pyrotechnics. One word as to P.'s Theistic stand-point (albeit a "power of words" might seem indispensable if such a topic is approached at all). It has been said of a brother-theist at home, that he has created a God after his own mind, and that if he could but have created a universe also after his own mind, we should doubtless have been relieved from all our perplexities. This applies with equal force to Mr. Parker. He too has construed (as a German would say) an ideal First Cause from the depths of his "moral consciousness;" but he has not interpreted the facts of this Cosmos of ours, this "visible diurnal sphere," with its gloomy mysteries and Sphinx-phrased enigmas, into harmony with its supposed Maker. He has cut the Gordian knot of the difficulties of a supernatural revelation; but difficulties of a strikingly cognate aspect, dilemmas of a curiously analogous form, objections of an equally (to say the least) perplexing kind, start into being and waylay the theist,—spectral problems, fraught with the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world—awful ghostly visitants, haunting the soul, and not to be "laid" by any known summary of theistic exorcism—the grim offspring of a system which, according to theism, has no place (as well as no explanation) for them—the never-ending still-beginning *autochthonæ*, aborigines, of that whole creation which groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. Mr. Parker rejects a revelation which contains difficulties irreconcilable with his ideal of Deity. The difficulties inflexibly confronting him in the analogy of nature, he nor any of his order can clear up. Allow that Butler's argument as Analogy is not valid in favour of a revealed religion—it not the less inflicts a fatal back-handed blow on the heart-region of "benignant" theism. A single catastrophe like the earthquake at Lisbon, which so startled and confounded the moral sense of a child Goethe, defies, as though with A-theistic defiance, the glosses of natural-religionists. The style and the tactics of the author of the "Eclipse of Faith" may be open to objection, but at least he has planted his step firmly on this logical stumbling-block, and made a very corner-stone of this rock of offence. How far those escape the perplexity who, with Mr. Lewes, repudiate the notion of "design" in the structure of the universe, or, with Mr. Carlyle, mockingly scout all such speculations with some bold banter about your pan-theism and pot-theism,* is another matter. It has not yet been escaped by the

have neglected, and never meets the objection or refers to it again. He flits from side to side, taking first a turn at sympathy with his opponents to show us how well he understands our position, and how true (though one-sided) he esteems it; and then he hurries off to sympathise with an opposite conviction, and leaves us anxiously expecting sentence, or at least a definite issue, which never comes." The faculty of ready sympathy—of taking observations from his foe's standpoint—is indeed one of his worthiest traits, and the main cause probably of his popularity in *partibus infidelium*. But the very accuracy with which he catches the features of alien creeds, and the ease with which he seems to identify his plastic habit of thought with theirs, only serve to enhance the mortification which ensues when his *finale* comes about. The eager catechumen, hopeful of large results from his instructions, will, in most cases we fear, feel himself at last in the poet's mood, when thus confessing his experience:

"Much I question'd him;
But every word he uttered, on my ears
Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note,
That answers unexpectedly aright,
And mocks the prompter's listening."

Perhaps it may not be quite superfluous to add to this overgrown note a reminder, that its contents, as affecting an English Churchman, are no way *apropos* of the American author—but that the note is wholly an excrement *œcursus*, due to the wilful vagrancy, the truant disposition, of the note-writer. To infer that Maurice is *bien apropos* of Parker, were a *Malapropism* of the first magnitude. Such a comparison were "odorous" to a degree of rankness which not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten. This *cave lector!* is addressed to such as, being uninitiated into the characteristics of both the authors, or of either, might otherwise carry away an impression of homogeneity between them. Between the Thirty-nine Articles and Absolute Religion there is a great gulf fixed—albeit here and there a diver hath been found (*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*) daring enough to cross the dread dreary sea—unappalled, or at least undeterred, by its stormy wind Euroclydon (no *ὑπερβολὴν γέλασμα* there), or by the "yeasty foam" of its wild waste waters.

* Life of John Stirling.

school, in any of its types, represented by Newman and Parker; nor is it easy to believe that if ever their school should succeed in dislodging the popular creed from a diabolical foundation, the popular opinion should stop short just at *their* frontier-line, and should not pass it as a mere half-way house, to be eyed distrustfully as possibly a second house of bondage to the tramping myriads making their exodus from the first. Surely the absolute religion of Mr. Parker has the air of an absolute failure. If it is disengaged from the difficulties of a revealed religion, it is again self-involved in a tangled web of threefold cords, not easily broken.

It is allowed by writers of his own order, that in metaphysical questions Mr. Parker is "too ardent to preserve self-consistency throughout the parts of a large abstract scheme;" that he is too impetuous for the "free analysis of intricate and evanescent phenomena;" that the *eclectic* tendency of his mind, refusing to let go anything that is true and excellent, takes "insufficient pains," in adopting it, to "weave it into the fabric of his previous thought, so that the texture of his faith presents a pattern not easy to reduce to symmetry."* Certainly, by no means easy: capricious eclecticism is apt to generate a highly heterogeneous *ensemble*. If we may credit one of Mr. Parker's compatriots, and one by no means hostile to him,

His sermons with satire are plentifully verjuiced,
And he talks in one breath of Confutzee, Cass,
Zerduscht,
Jack Robinson, Peter the Hermit, Strap,
Dathan,
Cush, Pitt (not the bottomless, *that* he's no
faith in),
Pan, Pillicock, Shakspeare, Paul, Toots, Mon-
sieur Tonson,
Aldebaran, Alcander, Ben Khorat, Ben Jon-
son, &c., &c.†

It seems "his hearers can't tell you on Sunday beforehand, if in that day's discourse they'll be Bibled or Koraned." The religious sentiment of Fetichism is not overlooked or underrated. The Kalmuck Tartar's proprietorship in the Absolute Religion is fervently recognised. And indeed everything is proved to be very Christian but common Christianity, and all religions are welcomed in apparent preference‡ to the

* *Prospective Review*.

† A Fable for Critics.

‡ Such is a common impression on the popular mind, after a perusal of Mr. Parker's homiletics. He seems, it is alleged, to have a spite against Christianity, and against it alone. But it may be answered, that this semblance of antipathy is in reality a necessary result from his scope; and that equally he would, if writing as a heterodox Mussulman, seem to hate Islamism with intensest emphasis; or if indoctrinating the Brahmins with Absolute Religion, he would seem to be less tolerant of Brahminism than of any rival system. It is with what lies nearest to him that his polemics are concerned. Valeat quantum.

religion of the New Testament. Not that the preference can for a moment be thought more than apparent; but to such appearances does a pique against orthodoxy irritate the preacher—his cue being to depreciate the claims of Christianity as much as possible, in order to raise the boundary wall between it and circumjacent "paganism." All the discrimination allowable between Christendom and Heathendom is, *au fond*, a distinction without a difference—a distinction in degree, not a difference in kind. The diversity is specific, not generic; phenomenal, not noumenal. So far as Christianity is religion, or involves the religious sentiment, it would seem that the very Thugs and Anthropophagi are "best good Christians" although they know it not, and although a suspicion of that cheering fact never dawned on the mind of the unhappy people they kill and eat.

It is common to hear the uninitiated "general" (whose ignorance of sceptical literature is bliss), when adventuring an opinion on Mr. Theodore Parker at all, assert the identity of his theological status with that of Strauss. They are enviably unversed in the infinite discrepancies that obtain in the schools of the anti-supernaturalists—and have yet to learn that naturalists can be at daggers drawn *inter se*, or that there are any noticeable differences between the views of (say) Semler, with his theory of "accommodation," and Paulus, with his unflinching "naturalism," and Strauss, with his universal solvent, the Myth. Now, though Mr. Parker is in the advanced guard of neology, and indeed uses a far more trenchant and sweeping mode of hostility to "revealed religion" than do your sturdiest hyper-borean Germans, still, to suppose him a second-hand Strauss, inoculated throughout with the mythopœic mania, is to misconceive his particular stand-point. On the contrary, he has signalled himself by applying to Strauss's method the *reductio ad absurdum* process, in a way so ingenious and amusing as to warrant present mention. Affirming that, by the Straussian System, any given historical event may be dissolved in a mythical solution, and the "seminal ideas" precipitated in their primitive form—and that any historical characters may thus be changed into an impersonal symbol of "universal humanity"—he proceeds to show, for example, how the whole history of the United States might be pronounced, by future myth detectors, a tissue of mythical stories, borrowed in part from the Old Testament, in part from the Apocalypse, and in part from fancy. "The British Government oppressing the Britons is the great 'red dragon' of the Revelation, as it is shown by the national arms and by

the British legend of St. George and the Dragon. The splendid career of the new people is borrowed from the persecuted woman's poetical history, her dress—'clothed with the sun.' The stars said to be in the national banner are only the crown of twelve stars on the poetic being's head; the perils of the pilgrims in the Mayflower are only the woman's flight on the wings of a great eagle. The war between the two countries is only the 'practical application' of the flood which the dragon cast out against the woman, &c." So with the story of the Declaration of Independence: The congress was held at a mythical town, whose very name is suspicious—Philadelphia—*i. e.* brotherly love. "The date is suspicious; it was the *fourth* day of the *fourth* month (reckoning from *April*, as it is probable the Heraclida and Scandinavians, possible that the aboriginal Americans, and certain that the Hebrews did). Now *four* was a sacred number with the Americans; the president was chosen for *four* years; there were *four* departments of affairs; *four* divisions of political power, namely—the people, the congress, the executive, and the judiciary, &c. Besides which is still more incredible, three of the presidents, two of whom, it is alleged, signed the declaration, died on the *fourth* of July, and the two latter exactly *fifty* years after they had signed it, and about the *same hour* of the day. The year also is suspicious; 1776 is but an ingenious combination of the sacred number, *four*, which is repeated *three* times, and then multiplied by itself to produce the date; thus, $444 \times 4 = 1776$, Q.E.D. Now dividing the first (444) by the second (4), we have *Unity* thrice repeated (111). This is a manifest symbol of the national *oneness* (likewise represented in the motto *è pluribus unum*), and of the national *religion*, of which the Triniform Monad, or 'Trinity in Unity,' and 'Unity in Trinity,' is the well-known sign. . . . Besides, Hualteperah, the great historian of Mexico, a neighbouring state, never mentions this document; and farther still, if this declaration had been made, and accepted by the whole nation, as it is pretended, then we cannot account for the fact, that the fundamental maxim of that paper, namely, the soul's equality to itself,—'all men are born free and equal'—was perpetually lost sight of, and a large portion of the people kept in slavery; still later, petitions,—supported by this fundamental article,—for the abolition of slavery was rejected by Congress with unexampled contempt, when, if the history is not mythical, slavery never had a legal existence after 1776, &c., &c."*

* Parker's Critical and Miscellaneous Writings.

This telling travestie (if that can be travestie which is not caricature) of the Mythists, with the "occasional" side-thrust at the "peculiar institution," affords a favourable illustration of Mr. Parker's quality, when he is in his better moods. His cleverness, his ardour, his power, though distorted and strained, his eloquence, though eccentric and extravagant, and wearisome by its laboured hyperbolisms,—there is no denying. You might detach passages from his rhetorical efforts (such as the "Discourse on Religion," "Atheism, Theism, and the Popular Theology," and his contributions to the *Dial* and other transcendental prints) so kindling to the heart and fancy, so rightfully conceived and so forcibly expressed, that a Jeremy Taylor might have endorsed them, an Andrews reiterated them, a Leighton thanked God for them. But then in the context would be found sentiments of a kind to make either of the three bishops turn in his grave. Of Mr. Parker's characteristic style, which has found so many eager and enraptured admirers, we can only say, that its monotony of glitter, of effort, of contortion and even grimace, is to us unspeakably tedious. An extract may be piquant enough, but perusal is almost impracticable, so ceaseless is the tension of the writer's anxiety to be striking. It is as though every word began, all for emphasis, with a capital letter, and every sentence set up in italics, and every colon or semi-colon merged in a leash of !!! Every few syllables a sort of *sub-auditor* seems to be sub-audible, implying, Are you quite awake, reader? wide awake? sure of that? did you fully catch the last point? and are you all vigilant to look out for the next? It is like being run up and down to prevent the catastrophe of sleep, when poison has made you very sleepy, and to sleep is death: no standing still is allowable for a second—quick step, and right about face, and an approximate realisation of the *perpetuum mobile*, are what you must do or die.

The earnestness of Mr. Parker's writings goes far to balance what is plentifully objectionable in them. This earnestness is said to be curiously effective in his "pulpit" performances:

There he stands, looking more like a ploughman than priest.

If not dreadfully awkward, not graceful at least, His gestures all downright and same, if you will, As of brown-fisted Hobnail in hoeing a drill, But his periods fall on you, stroke after stroke, Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak.

The same "fabulous" witness describes the preacher's phiz as recalling

Sophoniscus' son's head o'er the features of Rabelais—

a comparison confirmed (*quâ* Socrates) by Miss Bremer's admiring comment on Mr. Parker's "Socratic head"—*plus* a pair of "large well-formed hands," and ditto of "kind and beautiful eyes." The Swedish lady found him "willing to listen, gentle, earnest, cordial." She adds, "His whole being, expression, gestures, struck me as purely original—the expression of a determined and powerful nature."* Self-sufficing-

* Homes of the New World.

ness may be pronounced, according to the critic's point of view, either his foible or his forte, his weakness or his strength. While, compared with the ever sliding scale of rival neologies, and the vari-colored phases of faith of contemporary creeds, his own creed may be "lighter or darker,"—in one thing at least he admits a fixed duty, an absolute religion, a basis of belief,—*c'est lui-même*—

For, in one thing, 'tis clear, he has faith—namely, Parker.

From the Examiner, 29 April.

PAINLESS REMOVAL OF A DISEASED FEMALE BREAST, IN THE MESMERIC TRANCE.

On Wednesday last, at a quarter past two o'clock, Mr. Tubbs surgeon, of Upwell, Cambridgeshire, in the presence of above a dozen gentlemen, at the Mesmeric Infirmary, No. 36 Weymouth street, Portland place, cut away the right breast of a most respectable married woman, of Upwell, named Flowerday.

He first threw her into the state of sleep-waking by holding her hands in his, and staring at her eyes. After a time her eyelids quivered and her eyes converged and turned upwards; and, in nine minutes from the first, her eyes closed and her head drooped, as she sat in her chair. Mr. Tubbs then ceased to hold first one hand and then the other; and each dropped powerless into her lap. The left hand was allowed to lie where it felt; the right was kindly held up and aside by Mr. Burman, surgeon, of Wisbeach, in order to be out of the operator's way.

[We are obliged here to omit the details of the operation, of which it will suffice to say that it was in its character more than ordinarily protracted and severe, but achieved with perfect success.]

During the whole of this frightful operation, which was performed with unusual slowness, not a sound escaped the patient; she sat perfectly still, silent, and relaxed, like any one in the sweetest sleep—not a part quivered or twitched; her lips were relaxed and motionless; and, in order further to show that she exerted no effort to restrain herself, Dr. Elliotson, while the gashes were making, moved the ends of her fingers backwards and forwards, in complete relaxation, with the tip of one of his fingers. There was no holding or catching of her breath; all was the relaxation and placidity of complete repose. In fact, her countenance, which is extremely good, expressed the height of composure; and she was not subjected to restraint any kind.

Her dress was now readjusted, and all signs of what had passed were removed. Mr. Tubbs then brought her back to her usual waking state by a few transverse passes before her face. She looked around like one awaking from sleep; and, on being asked how she felt, replied,

"Very well." Mr. Tubbs then asked her if she thought the operation had been performed. She said she did not know, and asked if it had been. Not receiving an answer, she looked at all the company and her own bosom, and, observing all to be as when she sat down, seemed bewildered, as though from Mr. Tubbs's manner she fancied it had been performed, and yet she could not believe it had. She was now informed of the fact, and was very thankful. On being asked whether she had felt anything, she answered "Nothing;" and to the question what was the last thing she recollected, she replied to Mr. Tubbs, "Your sending me to sleep, sir, and the last thing I saw was your eyes."

It was proposed to carry her to bed, but she unaffectedly declined, and deliberately walked up two pairs of stairs, got into bed, and was sent back into her mesmeric trance by a few downward passes before her face.

All those who were present unhesitatingly signed the following declaration:

"We the undersigned witnessed the removal of Mrs. Flowerday's breast by Mr. W. J. Tubbs, of Upwell, Cambridgeshire, to-day, at the Mesmeric Infirmary, No. 36 Weymouth street, and are perfectly satisfied that she suffered not the slightest pain, as indeed she herself declared on being awakened out of her mesmeric trance, and that she had no idea of the operation having been performed. After the operation she walked up two pairs of stairs to bed." John Elliotson, Conduit street; E. S. Symes, M.D., Bourdon House, Berkeley square; A. Kiste, 37 Maddox street; R. Goff, 21 Kensington Gore; John Amor, 135 New Bond street; W. J. Tubbs, Surgeon, Upwell; Smith Burman, Surgeon, Wisbeach; F. C. Beard, Surgeon 44 Welbeck street; M. E. Bagnold, 14 Upper Hamilton terrace, St. John's Wood; T. R. Shour, Kensington; W. Underwood, 1 Vere street, Cavendish square; T. Purland, 7 Mortimer street; W. Fisher, 18 Euston place, Euston square; C. Mayhew, 33 Alfred street; E. Sherborn, Matron; T. Gardiner, Resident Secretary.

WHAT IS A TRUE CONGREGATION?—"And in very deed, if we consider it well, it is the virtue (this of concord) that is most proper, nay, essential to a congregation: without it a *gregation* it may be, but no *congregation*. The *con* is gone; a *disgregation* rather."—Bishop Andrews.

From the Morning Chronicle, 24 April.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

A FEW years since, some sensation was created in Germany by the appearance of a pamphlet on the character and history of Julian the Apostate. It could not, indeed, be thought surprising that, in that erudite country, a scholar should select any special portion of ancient history as the subject of his researches; but the essay on the renegade Emperor possessed more than one remarkable peculiarity. It was comparatively concise, it was not altogether devoid of humour, and, above all, it appeared that, by a curious coincidence, the events of fourteen hundred years ago presented a remarkable parallelism with the career of a living monarch who has, from the commencement of his reign, supplied the satirical appetite of his countrymen with abundant food. The writer of the pamphlet to which we refer contrived, with ingenious malice, to identify the pedantry, the perversity, and the abortive activity of Julian, with the similar qualities which have been habitually attributed to the devout occupant of the Prussian throne.

The unpopularity which attaches to the name of the so-called Apostate, is, of course, derived from his zealous opposition to Christianity; but his recent biographer describes his weaknesses from a somewhat different point of view. Dilettante pietism, antiquarian zeal for obsolete traditions, and incapacity to understand the circumstances and demands of the age, are material defects in the character of a ruler, whether he is a heathen Emperor, or a zealously Protestant King. Julian, like his modern antitype, was a scholar, and his force of character was not sufficient to raise him above the influence of books and one-sided theories. With all his accomplishments, he never attained to the truly imperial quality of practical common sense. The powers of his mind and the influence of his position were wasted in absurd efforts for the reestablishment of a Paganism in which no man seriously believed; and similar delusions in the present day may produce attempts to renew the Holy Alliance, or may lead to complicity with hypocritical wars of religion, undertaken for the sake of territorial aggrandizement. The restoration of the Olympian temples at the end of the fourth century was quite as respectable a project as the crusade which Russian Bishops are now, in pursuance of orders from the police, preaching against the infidel. As Baron von Vincke lately observed in the chamber at Berlin, the Emperor Nicholas, whatever language may be used in his proclamations, is never influenced by romantic sentiments of kinsmanship, or by vague impulses of religious fanaticism. Three years since the Russian government was about to declare war upon Prussia; and only twelve months ago, a perpetual alliance was offered to the Sultan. It is for weaker and more sentimental minds that displays of enthusiasm or of family feeling are, from time to time, made at St. Petersburg.

Frederick William is unfortunately exposed

to one temptation from which Julian was exempt. A Roman Emperor could scarcely accept the protection, or follow the fortunes of a foreign potentate. The most creditable feature in the career of the neo-pagan monarch was its fatal termination occasioned by the Persian campaign. The Sovereign of the West had at least the merit of fighting, on behalf of European civilization, against the barbarians of Asia. His candid biographer admits that, in this instance, as well as in some other respects, the parallel between the representatives of ancient and of modern romanticism does not altogether hold. Unfortunately, however, the factitious devotion which was only wasted on Jupiter and Minerva is now directed to the living representative of absolute and irresponsible power. In both cases, we see public interests and national sympathies equally sacrificed to fanciful theories and to personal prejudice.

Nearly two hundred years ago a pamphleteer of our own country adopted the same title and subject for an attack on the policy of the most wrong-headed monarch who ever sat on the throne of England. The unhappy Julian was subjected to an elaborate parallel with James II., who, although an intolerant innovator, resembled neither the Roman Emperor nor his modern antitype in his individual defects or virtues. The King of Prussia may, nevertheless, do well to study the history of the last of the Stuarts. James was dull, illogical, and devoid of literary or intellectual tastes; whilst Frederick William is an accomplished scholar and reasoner. He has associated on equal terms with Humboldt and Savigny, and he is said to be the best talker in Germany. But no attainments or talents will earn respect for a monarch who, for whatever reason, consents to endanger the independence of his country by court ing the patronage of a foreign potentate. The most unpardonable of all the many errors of James II. was his voluntary subservience to the Court which then menaced the safety of Europe.

It was immediately before the English Revolution that the Nicholas of the seventeenth century suddenly alarmed his subjects and neighbours by the declaration of a religious crusade, commencing with a revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Notwithstanding religious sympathies and political traditions, all the Continental courts took alarm at the violence of Louis XIV.; and the King of Spain, and the Pope himself, protested against the persecution of the Huguenots, from similar motives to those which at present induce Austria to oppose the Russian aggression. The King of England himself affected to share in the first outburst of the general indignation, just as the Prussian Court joined in the Conferences and concurred in the Protocols, of 1853. There could be no more doubt that the interests and sympathies of England were opposed to the French Policy than that North Germany is at this moment all but unanimous in denouncing the cause of Russia. But there were objects which James placed before the honor of his crown or the welfare of his people; and, in a few months

the proclamation which had censured the French persecution was recalled. The refugees were officially accused of evil designs, and on the demand of the French Ambassador, a foreign publication, disagreeable to the Court of Versailles, was burnt by the public hangman. The King announced that his resolution was taken. "It has become," he said, "the fashion to treat Kings disrespectfully; and they must stand by each other. One King should always take another's part; and I have particular reasons for showing this respect to the King of France."

The history of those troubled times is well known in England, as it has been recently told by our most popular and brilliant historian. Such phrases as those which we have quoted might have been repeatedly paralleled from the Berlin intelligence in our own columns or in those of our contemporaries. It may be hoped that the parallel will be carried no further. Soon afterwards, the weakness of the dependant induced him even to outrun the desires of his haughty and contemptuous protector; and arrangements were contemplated for dismembering the monarchy in the event of a Protestant succession, by placing Ireland in the hands of France. The King irreconcilably alienated his own subjects; and for himself he only purchased a safe asylum in his exile.

It would be idle to refer to such precedents as those of Julian or of James for the sake of attacking or ridiculing a foreign Sovereign whose policy may be suspicious or objectionable. The true lesson which history teaches is, that the efforts of obstinate or crotchety princes seldom leave any permanent results. The place of Germany in the great contest between

Russia and Europe cannot in the end remain doubtful. The petty courts may be influenced by fear, or by meaner motives, to sympathize with the aggressor; and individual weakness may prevent the successor of Frederick the Great from asserting the position which rightfully belongs to his crown. Both in the larger and smaller capitals there are courtiers and officers who have been brought over to the Russian interest, sometimes by money, and oftener by the cheaper currency of stars and ribbons. But, substantially, the nation is of one mind respecting the great question in dispute. The danger which England and France are in arms to avert concerns their commerce, their political influence, and their future prospects; but the peril to Germany is immediate and pressing. The Southern provinces are already cut off from the Black Sea—the North-east may be included in the Russian Empire, like Courland and Finland. Victorious over Turkey and the Allies, the conqueror might soon turn his arms towards the Vistula. To establish a Protectorate would be a task still easier to accomplish, because, it has been already begun. Russian influence is exerted in Germany, not only to protect kings against their subjects, but to prevent governments from conceding ameliorations which would render States more united, and consequently stronger. We fight that we may not cease to be great—Prussia and Austria must resist or they cease to be independent. These motives will sooner or later prevail over all the obstacles which obstinate dulness or clever incapacity can present.

I CANNA BE FASHED.*

BY FRANCIS BENNOCH.

"I CANNA be fashed!" was the sullen reply
Of my mother, one day. How deep was the sigh
Of my father, meek man—nae word did he speak
As he turned, and a fear trembled over his cheek:
'Twas the bane of my life; I had better been
crashed,

Than have heard the sharp answer—"I canna
be fashed!"

It twisted my temper—it hardened my will—
The good I attempted would ever come ill;
A plague to all households—a breeder o' strife;
Opposition and idleness grew wi' my life;
Advice was unheeded—wi' brow unabashed,
My answer was ever—"I canna be fashed."

Idle and ignorant, fretful and vain;
I grew up to womanhood—not very plain,
Could dance—was attractive—but quickly the
yoke
Of my charms became powerless whenever I
spoke.
Every nerve of my heart was with agony lashed,
And I sorely repented "I canna be fashed."

* Cannot be "troubled," or, in the language of excitement, "bothered."

I still had admirers who'd flatter and sue—
They were vain as myself, and as ignorant too:
They buzzed and they fluttered like moths
round the light—
Beginning with wrong—the wrong never came
right.
So hope was extinguished, and charity crashed,
For to win or deserve them "I couldna be
fashed."

Ladies' Companion.

WHEN SEAMANSHIP IS WANTED.

"EACH petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents; how to shift his sails:
What she will bear in foul, what in fair wea-
thers;
Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to
stop 'em;
What sands, what shelves, what rocks to threat-
en her;
The forces and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, storms, and tempests: when her keel
ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heaven; then to manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a pilot."

Ben Jonson, Catiline.

From the Petersburg Virginian.

INTERVIEW WITH SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

In the Charlestown (Va.) *Spirit of Jefferson* we find a letter from Copenhagen, written probably by Mr. Bedinger, our charge at that place. We make the following extracts from this letter, which is *curious* in several particulars:

For a week or two past, the British fleet was anchored within twenty miles of this place, and many persons from here availed themselves of the opportunity to see it. Admiral Sir Charles Napier has made us two or three visits, and on Saturday last I had the honor of dining with him at Mr. Buchanan's, the English minister, (don't confound him with our Mr. Buchanan at London!) The commander of the British Baltic fleet is a gentleman in the sixty-ninth year of his age, but, to all appearance, as stout and hearty as need be. He is about the size of our excellent friend, Wm. Grove, Esq., and is not entirely unlike him in appearance, except that, in the place of the benevolent countenance of the latter gentleman, the Admiral has rather *hard* features and a stern expression of face.

The place assigned me at the dinner table, (your place in this part of the world is assigned you, upon all occasions, and you must be careful not to take any place that is not assigned you!) was on the left hand of the "Lion" himself, so that I had a good opportunity of conversing with and listening to him during the two hours and a half which the dinner lasted. I found him intelligent, affable and agreeable, and quite disposed to talk, particularly about our country and people. He spoke much, and asked me many questions about the United States; he was in the British fleet at the taking of Alexandria during the war, witnessed the capture of Washington city, and the famous battle of the "White House," &c. He gave me some amusing and interesting incidents of those days; and, among other things, he described certain marvellous achievements performed by the Baltimore clippers, which, he said, he had never yet seen equalled by any other vessels. "Why, sir," he said, "those fellows were the most daring rascals I ever saw in my life; I assure you they seemed to care no more for us than if they had been wild ducks, and could dive as well as fly."

"They would sail near us, and past us, and around us, as if taunting us to attempt the capture of them; which, indeed, we often did, but we might just as well have undertaken to capture sea-gulls. However, we did catch one of them; she was a little too daring, and by undertaking a certain manœuvre, (which Sir Charles described at length, but which I am not sailor enough to give to you,) she got aground and we got her. She was a splendid model, a splendid craft; I assure you she was a perfect beauty," &c.

After a while, as I had anticipated, our conversation turned upon the subject of slavery. The English like to talk upon that subject. The admiral asked me if I did not believe it

would soon be abolished in the southern states of our Union. I replied that I hoped and believed not; that I thought its abolition much less probable now than it had ever been; that the slaveholder had a firmer grasp upon his slave now than he has ever held before, and that I regarded that fact as a subject of congratulation, not to the South alone, but to the whole world, inasmuch as I regarded the institution of slavery, as it exists with us, as most conservative in its tendencies and most beneficial in its results, not only to the whites but to the negroes also.

He seemed somewhat astonished, and said he had always supposed that everybody admitted it to be a curse, and that the only obstacle to its abolition was the danger and difficulty of liberating so many negroes in our midst. I told him I was aware that such was the generally received opinion, but that it was erroneous; that the frequent discussions of the subject had displayed it in its true light to the majority of sensible persons with us, and had demonstrated the fact, that so far from being a curse, it was a *peculiar blessing vouchsafed by a beneficent Providence, as well to the doomed inhabitants of unhappy Africa as to their masters, the more fortunate whites, &c.* "Ah, but," he replied, "it must be attended with many evils, with great suffering and much brutality," and here he repeated many of the thrice-refuted slanders and falsehoods, upon the subject, which every Englishman has pat at his finger's ends.

I replied, that I knew of scarcely anything good in this world that was not liable to abuse and attended with a certain portion of evil. And speaking of the "brutality" exercised towards the slaves, I said, "I think it very probable, Sir Charles, that in the course of your long experience you have witnessed as much brutality in the British navy, as you would have witnessed had you spent your life in the midst of the slaveholders of Virginia." He said, "I dare say, I dare say—God knows I've seen enough; there was a time when sailors *had* to be treated almost like brutes, but that time is past, and one can get along now by treating them differently—still all that is not like slavery; slavery cannot be justified or defended." "But," said I, "like the condition of the British sailor, the condition of the slave is becoming ameliorated and improved every day of the world, and if his yoke is at this day galling in the least, it is only because his ruthless enemies, the abolitionists, have forced his master to tighten it upon his neck." He returned to the attack and quoted "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "But that you know," said I, "is a huge collection of falsehoods."

"I will admit," said he, "that it may contain exaggerations, but there must be some foundation in truth for the story it tells." "Yes," said I, "such foundation as I could easily find for writing a book condemning the institution of marriage as it exists in England at present. For the last six or eight months past there seems to have existed among your people a perfect monomania for beating, maiming and

murdering their wives. I never glance at your police reports, that I am not sickened by the recital of some fresh instances of this peculiar species of barbarism. Women with their noses knocked from their faces, or their eyes bunged up, their teeth smashed out, their arms broken or their skulls cut open, daily appear before your magistrates suing for the protection of their miserable lives, against the fury of their beastly husbands, whose barbarism you punish by three and six months hard labor—nothing more! And but the other day I saw that a certain English farmer 'in easy circumstances' accomplished the death of his old mother by a long process of freezing, starvation, and frequent beatings with the 'stalk of a gig whip.' Here, certainly, was 'some foundation' for a book that *might* be written against marriage in England, and against the having of sons, too, for that matter. Still, I presume, as a general thing, it is proper to marry, even in England, though I believe *our* abolitionists would abolish marriage as well as slavery if they could. What I *do* say, Sir Charles, is this, that wife-beating, woman-maiming, and mother-killing never take place among slaves, or in those communities where slaves are held."

The admiral was far from yielding, and as he met every argument I advanced with the old exclamation, "Oh, slavery cannot be justified; it cannot be defended; the civilized world condemns and revolts at it," etc., etc., I exclaimed, somewhat warmly at length. "But how can you say so, Sir Charles, why the—can it not be justified? I have justified it, and you have not attempted to refute what I have said. I have defended it, and you cannot say that my defence is not a good one, a just one; the civilised world does not condemn it; for the United States, Spain, Brazil, Russia and Turkey, (as civilized as some Christian countries I could name), form a considerable part of the civilized world, yet they do not condemn it. It can be sustained, it is sustained, and it will be sustained as long as this world continues what God made it," etc., etc.

Sir Charles looked at me a moment, smiled at my enthusiasm, and then said, "Oh, slavery is a very bad thing, and ought to be put down! Behold the result of all my talk! I had shaken the prejudices of the English admiral about as much as if I had entertained him by singing 'Old Dan Tucker.' Learn from this the folly of striving with men resolved to hold their own opinions. You may convince them, but if you do, it is 'against their will,' and you know the effect of that.

However, Sir Charles made me very ample compensation by speaking in flattering terms of our country and our people. After making us many compliments, he said, "I begin to believe in the description which one of your orators gave of the American eagle, when he said, 'he sits on the top of the Alleghany, dips his beak in the Atlantic, and his tail in the Pacific, stretches one wing over Canada, and the other over Mexico, and grasps the continent in his claws!'" Well, thinks I, that isn't a bad eagle

either: so I got him to repeat it, remember it, and am resolved to import it and produce it in the next stump speech that I shall have the blessed privilege of making on the soil of the Old Dominion.

A day or two after this dinner, we received a very kind invitation from Mr. Buchanan to accompany him to the fleet, informing us that the admiral had sent a steamer expressly for himself and his friends, and if we could get ready by eight o'clock next morning, he would be happy, &c., &c. We were ready, and on repairing to the wharf we found many others ready also. All the diplomatic corps, except the Russians! and many citizens. The morning was bright and clear, and calm and beautiful, and every one seemed buoyant with the prospect of a charming day. But, alas for our luck! after waiting a few minutes Mr. Buchanan made his appearance with a very sad face, and told us a despatch had that moment arrived informing him that certain Russian intelligence had reached the admiral which had compelled him to weigh anchor and sail at once. Probably you never saw so many bright faces so suddenly clouded with sorrow.

Some of the ladies actually wept. For my part, I exclaimed mentally, "'tis the first Russian victory; I wonder if it will be the last." I received yesterday official information from Mr. Buchanan, that the fleet had departed for the purpose of placing in a state of blockade all the Russian ports in the Baltic, and in the gulfs of Finland and Bothnia.

And now the spirit being strong upon me, I do mount the tripod and prophesy.

Woe to thee, Great Britain,
Woe to thee, "Belle France!"
For in this war, 'tis written,
Your arms shall not advance!

Tho' Chanticleer crows from the back of the Lion,

And Leo finds gaffs for the spurs of the Cock,
Tho' the red dogs of War have been bidden to
"hie on!"

The burly old Bruin your efforts shall mock!

From her den in the North ye may hearken her growling:

On the banks of the Danube her cubs are at work:

A litter of millions, all hungry and howling,
And panting for blood of your "Ally, the Turk!"

Ye lingered too long, taking counsel of Terror,

Ye played the dull game of Diplomacy through;

Now, beaten at that, and lamenting your error,
Ye hesitate still as to what ye shall do!

Go, blockade the Baltic, storm Riga and Revel,

On the banks of the Volga rage horrible war;

But—mark the prediction—the very old Devil
Shall fall by your arms just as soon as the Czar!

From the Economist.

The War between Turkey and Russia: a military sketch. By A. SCHIMMELFENNIG. Philadelphia: John Weik. T. Truebner, Paternoster Row.

In our estimation—but, being only economists and not soldiers, our judgment is not worth much—this is the most able pamphlet we have seen on the former wars between Russia and Turkey, on the present war, and its possible results. It is short, discussing the subject by military rules and with military precision. After stating many combinations, the author says of the actual one—"An English-French fleet and a French-English army supporting the defensive of the Porte deprives the Russians of every chance of success." The commencement of the pamphlet is political, and the political views are as racy as the military are precise. We quote a passage or two that our readers may know what is thought on the great subject of European quarrels by strong-headed observers across the Atlantic:—

POLITICAL CONDITION OF EUROPE.

While the nations of Europe incline more and more to democratic republican institutions, and look up to their mighty representative on the other side of the ocean, their monarchies and ruling powers look more or less to Russia for assistance. . . . The rulers of England, France, Prussia and Austria, with or without parliaments, in the event of war, have become dependent upon the will and the purse of the people: they have long since lost the facility with which, during the 17th and 18th century, a war was commenced. Russia alone still possesses this facility; in Russia alone the peasant continues to look up to the emperor as to a demi-god, and the only genuine despot is able to show his teeth, when opposed to the lame monarchies of the rest of Europe. . . . The small republican party in Europe, by surprising the enemy in 1848, gained a victory; too weak to annihilate the foe, they were compelled to have recourse to armistices, and to the organisation of republican monarchies, or monarchical republics. As a matter of course, the ruling families and castes were opposed to the limitation of their power. In Russia, and in the political ignorance of the majority of the people, they found the means of victory. The little republican party was beaten everywhere, but even in its fall it fulfilled its mighty destiny: it made a breach in the monarchies of Europe, which their supporters will never be able to fill up, and gained the mass of the people for a republican form of government. The present monarchies of the Continent do not govern these majorities according to the

laws and customs in existence before 1848, they rule them by the sword, the axe, and the rope! They know that they stand over a powder mine; hence their terror of a flying spark, or the discharge of a musket. Russia also is near the cask, and when it explodes, she goes with the rest; but she may well say to Vienna, to Berlin, to Paris and London: the road of the revolution to Moscow leads over your dead carcasses. . . . Russia offers the greatest opposition to the rising republic in Central and Western Europe; Russia is the last place of refuge for the cabinets of Vienna and Berlin, whose own power no longer suffices to defend themselves against the next revolution. Shall these cabinets help to destroy their principal anti-revolutionary stronghold? Are they to prefer their entire destruction by revolutions to their dismemberment by Russia? By the division of Poland, by the wars of 1813-'14; and principally by the revolution of 1848, the cabinets of Vienna and Berlin have been reduced to a kind of Russian agency. . . . All the monarchies of Europe have to dread this crisis; but as Russia can truly say: "The road of the revolution to Moscow leads over Vienna, Berlin, and Paris," as she has good reason to suppose, that the present governments of Europe will prefer her enlargement to a European republic, she has a right to speak out boldly. . . . Let the monarchies of Europe bend their knees before the Czar; let them publicly declare to be incapable of defending civilization against the semi-barbarous hordes of Russia, still it is false reasoning to conclude from this, that Europe will become Cossack! Where is the proof of the superiority of Russia? Are the armies or navies of England, of France, of Prussia, or of Austria, too weak to battle with those of Russia? No! But they are unavailable, because they are required to keep down the republic in Europe. And is it fair to augur from this, the decay of the old continent: does it not, on the contrary, prove the new and youthful strength, which courses powerfully through the arteries of its nations? The old mutual insurance company of modern monarchies, the "European balance of power," is destroyed, and the scale sinks in favour of Russia. Every Victory of the Czar, will weaken the rest of European monarchies at home and abroad, but at the same time will induce whole classes to leave the camp of royalty and to join the republicans; to uphold the independence and interests of their nations. And so let the Czar advance; the more rapidly his victories will follow each other, the sooner will he meet with his deadly enemy, the republic in arms.

If these observations be well founded, the war is likely to be the precursor of very great changes.

FIRM was their faith, the ancient bands,
The wise in heart, in wood and stone,
Who rear'd with stern and trusting hands,
The dark grey towers of days unknown.

They fill'd those aisles with many a thought,
They bade each nook some truth recall,
The pillar'd arch its legend brought,
A doctrine came with roof and wall.

From the Economist, 29 April.

ENGLAND'S SHARE IN THE CALAMITIES OF WAR, AND HER POWER OF MEETING THEM.

WAR, to all engaged in it, must ever be a costly and calamitous affair; but both its cost and its calamities are matters to be calmly estimated and deliberately met,—not vaguely exaggerated, or avoided with pusillanimous alarm. Some weeks ago we called attention to the enormous cost of the last great European war in which this country was engaged and to the various items of which that enormous bill was composed, with a view of showing that it afforded no precedent by which we could conjecture the expenses in which the present contest is likely to involve us. We showed how succours and stores were dealt out to incapable allies, by incapable agents, and in reckless profusion; how money and men were lavished on undertakings injudiciously planned and feebly executed; how we subsidised allies from whom we received the scantiest and most reluctant aid, and fed and clothed auxiliary troops who fled from our side in the day of battle, and plundered our dead and refused to succour our wounded after the hard won victories to which they had contributed nothing. These things we have not to fear again. We have the experience of the past to guide us now, which we had not then. We have not now, as we had then, a Government virtually unchecked and almost irresponsible. Our Ministers are now watched by a Parliamentary opposition, divided into two sections, each more numerous and more powerful (if incomparably less individually eminent and able) than was the Whig phalanx in the time of Pitt and Castlereagh,—by a Press far more vigilant, competent, and influential,—and by a country, not as then, half warlike and half gagged, but sagacious, exacting, far better informed than formerly, and certain to tolerate no feeble action and no profitless expenditure. The imperfect system of control and competition, under which contractors made such enormous fortunes at the expense of the nation during the last war, cannot flourish again. We shall not again endure, nor would Ministers again descend to, either the jobbing connivance or the indefensible and corrupt appointments to which, formerly, much of our ill-success was to be attributed; and, finally, we shall not now borrow £100 and receive only £60 for our note of hand.

Unless the present contest be singularly mismanaged, it should either be a short one or a cheap one. If we resolve to put forth our whole strength and to act with consum-

mate vigor and on a grand scale, we ought to terminate the war with success and honor in a couple of campaigns. If, either from our own choice or Russia's policy, we adopt a slower and more languid line of action, our ordinary military and naval expenses ought not to be very greatly enhanced, nor ought our commerce to suffer any very extensive interruption. If the war becomes in any degree chronic, trade will gradually accommodate itself to the new condition of things, and modify its machinery and its channels. Its power of pliancy in this respect is remarkable. As we clothed the troops of Napoleon in the hottest period of the last war, in spite of his Berlin and Milan decrees, it is not improbable that, if necessary, Russia will help to feed our men and to rig our ships in the present war. For a slow war, too, ten millions in addition to our usual defensive expenditure will probably suffice. Fifteen millions should be ample. Now, no one who looks deliberately at the comparative or the absolute resources of Great Britain—at her wealth in Pitt's time and her wealth now,—or at the vast sums which for years we have been expending in railways and foreign loans,—need feel much anxiety at any inconvenience which this comparatively small amount of annual increment will cause us. The probability is that, if judiciously raised, it would scarcely be felt as a burden at all. It would simply cause a smaller expenditure in other ways—a postponement of some undertakings in which the enterprise of the nation would otherwise have overflowed. Never were we in so flourishing or so capable a condition for entering on a costly struggle. The population of the country has doubled since the middle of the last war; its wealth has probably at least quadrupled; its productive power has increased in a still greater ratio;—while its naval and military expenditure will certainly (per annum) not exceed one-half,—except on the supposition of the war being a gigantic and therefore a brief one. A state of hostilities which our ancestors found a grievous burden may thus be to us a very insignificant one. Then, look at the elastic condition of our revenue and the mode in which it is raised. Since the return of peace we have removed every tax from the necessities of life, and reduced within reasonable limits every duty on the comforts and luxuries consumed by the masses of the people. We have relieved the laboring poor to an unexampled extent, and laid no weight upon realized property beyond such as it can easily sustain. Every fresh reduction of taxation has been attended by a fresh augmentation in the revenue. The Chancellor of the Exchequer now fills his coffers, not as

formerly by laying on taxes, but by taking them off;—and, as a result of this policy, in the last year, even a high price of food unequalled since the famine year of 1847, and a long and obstinate interruption of productive industry in the North unequalled since 1842, have together been unable to prevent an actual increase in the receipts from the ordinary sources both of direct and indirect taxation.

We feel, therefore, quite at ease as to the capacity of the country to bear without difficulty or serious inconvenience the efforts and sacrifices which may be demanded from us by the contest we have undertaken for a just cause, and engaged ourselves to conduct to a successful issue. But there is a further consideration, rarely adverted to and never sufficiently dwelt upon, which should persuade us to make these efforts and endure these sacrifices with cheerfulness and even with gratitude. They are the usual mode in which England contributes its contingent to the calamities of war—the *easiest, the happiest, the most favorable, and far the cheapest mode in which that contingent can be levied*. Speaking broadly, other nations contribute blood—we contribute money. Other nations are the seat of war—we are only its paymasters. Other people have to mourn over desolate hearth-stones, sacked cities, conflagrated villages and harvests—we (let us thank God that it is so!—let us pray to God that it may ever be so!) have only to grumble over emptied purses and disturbed exchanges. Our quota is light indeed compared with that of continental countries. Look at the last war. It lasted for us, with scarcely an intermission, for two-and-twenty years. We alone, with only one brief interval, never laid down our arms. Every other continental State was in turns the antagonist, the subject, or the ally, of our gigantic and pertinacious enemy. We added six hundred millions sterling to our debt. We subsidised nearly all our allies. We, in fact, paid an enormous proportion of the whole expenses of the entire European struggle. We maintained an immense navy in nearly every quarter of the world, and we kept a great part of the time considerable armies on foot. We came out of the strife victorious indeed, but breathless, exhausted, with our resources fearfully drained, with our future deeply mortgaged. Still, in comparison with other countries, we came off cheap. No enemy ever visited our shores. No English harvest was ever reaped except by the husbandman who sowed the seed. No English city was ever subjected to the horrors of the siege or the assault. Our manufacturers produced, and our peasants labored, in absolute security. Our produc-

tive power not only suffered no interruption, but achieved a steady increase during the whole period of the war. Though we fought on land as well as by sea, especially during the last six years of the struggle, our loss of life was small to an almost incredible degree. From a return recently published it appears that, whereas two million of men are estimated to have fallen in the various campaigns—one million of whom were actually slain in fight or died of their wounds—our contribution to this number was only 19,700 soldiers; and this, though we bore the brunt of many of the great battles that decided the fate of the war—of Salamanca, Talavera, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo.

Compare this with the fate of the other parties engaged in the deadly struggle of that period. Scarcely any continental nation, whether conquering or conquered, suffered half so little as ourselves. War raged in the heart of every one of them, desolated their fields, destroyed their manufactures, scattered their commerce, sapped their industry, burnt their cities, often fearfully impaired the morals of their people, and in short inflicted upon them wounds from which thirty years of peace scarcely enabled them to recover. Spain was for six years one great battle-field, ravaged and pillaged by advancing and retreating armies in turn,—her upper classes turned into corrupt intriguers, her peasants into bandits and guerillas. Germany suffered all the worst extremities which follow in the train of war; from Ulm to Königsberg, from Frankfurt to Vienna, civilisation was retarded, the efforts of rising industry discouraged, factories destroyed, rich men reduced to poverty, poor men reduced to absolute starvation, quiet men compelled to endure a life of perpetual wandering and incessant alarms, and all domestic happiness annihilated for the space of twenty years. The autobiographies of that period, both of statesmen and private individuals, draw a fearful picture of the wretchedness of daily life under such circumstances, when the best years of a whole generation were passed in the privation of nearly all that makes life a blessing or a privilege. Even Russia, though often victorious, and generally fighting at a distance from her own shores, found the war a drain upon her resources, both of human and material wealth, which long years of peace and industry could scarcely make amends for. Napoleon in order to supply his troops, and Alexander in order to cut off those supplies, exhausted and ravaged a portion of her territory equal to half England. Hundreds of square miles were intentionally turned into a desert. And, to crown the whole, a

magnificent and ancient city, the second in the empire, was deliberately consigned to the flames, lest it should afford a shelter to the invader. "Spire and palace were made fuel to one common fire.

"To this the soldier lent his kindling match,
To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,
To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,
The prince his hall—and Moscow was no more."

It was as if Edinburgh and Leeds had been reduced to ashes. What burden endured by England during that war could bear comparison, either for material or social severity, with that fearful sacrifice of riches and of homes?

And France, herself for so many years the conqueror and the scourge of Europe, how did she come out of the protracted and sanguinary strife? With a commerce utterly shattered; with manufactures, save those forced into unnatural existence by Government aid, dreadfully cut up; with resources almost wholly exhausted; with a population not only decimated in numbers, but permanently injured in physical size and capability;—for the conscription, by constantly drafting off the youthful vigor of the nation to the fields of carnage and leaving only the comparatively old, feeble, or imperfect to carry on the race, insured a progressive deterioration,—the consequence of which is now found in the fact that the standard height required for admission into the army has been obliged to be repeatedly lowered, and the number of conscripts rejected for

inadequate stature or other physical incapacity is, in many provinces, alarmingly great. France is calculated to have lost upwards of a million of men by the Napoleonic wars; and at their close she had to endure the enormous drain of supporting the foreign army of occupation for a considerable period, and of paying a vast treasure as indemnity for the wrongs she had inflicted upon other countries.

Surely a comparison of this sort ought to dispose us to bear with cheerfulness our light and gentle portion of the toils and sacrifices demanded by a great effort in a good cause. The price we are called upon to pay for upholding right and justice is so small and easy, that it would be nothing less than ignoble to shrink from it or to murmur at it. We are not called upon to see our fields ravaged, our happy homes desecrated or destroyed, our family peace invaded by foreign officers billeted upon us, our stately buildings and beautiful cities exposed to the siege or the flames. We are only called upon to aid liberally and zealously those whose position lays them open to all these cruel contingencies. We are called upon, not to suffer, but to alleviate the sufferings of others. Our allies have to meet the scourge, the prison, and the sword: we get off with little more than a pecuniary fine. Our allies suffer in person; we only in purse. They have to bleed actually: we only metaphorically. Shall we grudge our light share in the common contribution?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Whimsical Woman. By Emilie F. Carlen, author of "One Year of Wedlock," "The Bride of Omburg," "Gustavus Lindorm," etc. etc. From the original Swedish, by Elbert Pierce. New York: Charles Scribner.

Chrystalline; or the Heiress of Fall Down Castle. A Romance, by F. W. Shelton, A.M., author of "The Rector of St. Bardolph's," etc. New York: Charles Scribner.

Messrs. Fowler & Wells have removed to No. 308 Broadway—near to our New York office—and have sent us *The Hydropathic Family Physician.* By Joel Shew, M.D. This is a thick book, with wood-cuts, representing the manner of administering baths of all sorts and sizes; and showing also the people, and parts of the people, to whom they are to be applied. The cataract bath would be severe if the water were cold. The leg bath and the sitting bath seem to promote or to permit of study, which it does not look as if the head bath would do. This warm weather makes them all look desirable. Also,—from the same house, *The Illustrated Hydropathic Quarterly Review*, No. 3.

A History of the Churches and Ministers, and of Franklin Association, in Franklin County, Mass., and an Appendix respecting the County. By Rev. Theophilus Packard, Jr., late Pastor of the Congregational Church in Shelbourne, Mass. Boston: S. K. Whipple & Company.

The Parish-Side. By the author of some other books, and "The Clerk of the Parish of Edgefield." With illustrations. New York: Mason Brothers.

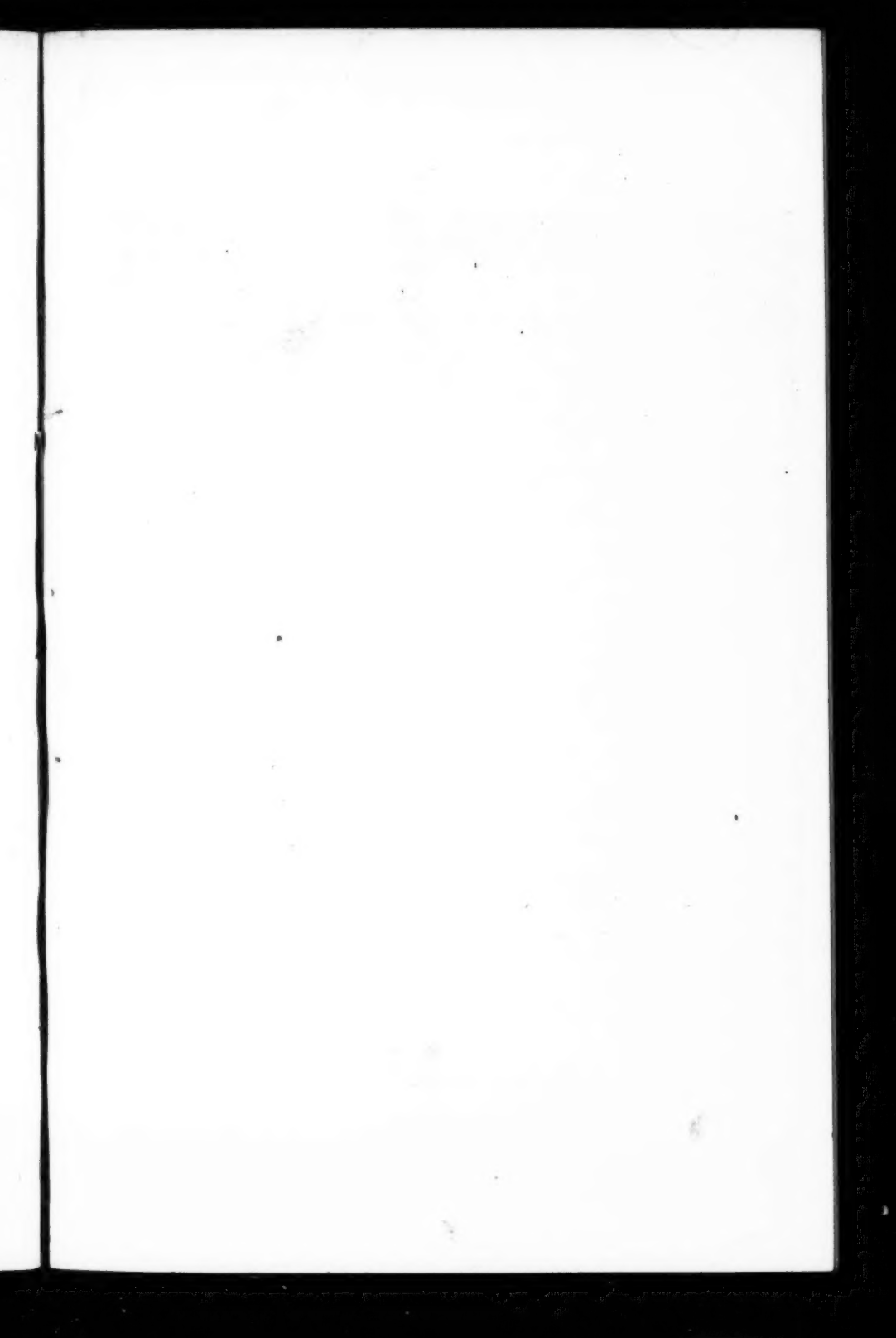
The Myrtle Wreath; or Stray Leaves Recalled. By Minnie Myrtle. New York: Charles Scribner.

THE BRITISH POETS.

The Poetical Works of James Beattie; with a Memoir of the Author. By Rev. Alexander Dyce. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Poetical Works of William Falconer, with a Life. By Rev. John Mitford. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

[This edition is not inferior, so far as we can discover, to Pickering's celebrated London edition.]





Engraved by Armstrong.

M. A. B. R. R. L. A. G. R. A. T. A. M. O. D. R.

MLA BRIT A. G. DE. A. T. A. M. O. D. 18.